

THREE CHAPTERS ON THE HISTORY OF POLAND.

CHAPTER II.*

THE REVOLUTION.

THE fate of Poland was anew decided by the Congress of Vienna on the 3d of May, 1815. The duchy of Warsaw was formed into a kingdom to be united to the crown of Russia under a separate constitution and administration. Galicia with the salt mines of Wieliczka (Vie-lich-kah) fell into the hands of Austria, and Posnania was to be retained by Prussia under the title of the grand duchy of Posen. Lithuania and the southern provinces beyond the pale of the new kingdom, were incorporated into the Russian empire without any distinction. Cracow with its vicinity was made an independent republic, to be under the protection of the courts of Russia, Prussia, and Austria. The sequel proved, as it might have been predicted, that the fate of the republic was like that of a lamb put in the care of three hungry wolves, the strongest getting the first and largest share.

Alexander, the emperor of Russia, on his becoming king of Poland, gave her a constitution, by which the freedom of conscience and of the press was guaranteed; it approached much also in other respects to the constitution of the 3d of May. The benefits of this constitution extended only to 4,000,000 of inhabitants; but the king-emperor promised they should be also enjoyed by the rest of the provinces.

This new state of things revived the Polish nation; the young emperor seemed so generous, so eager after the distinction which noble deeds confer, that the Poles allowed themselves to cherish hopes of seeing their country restored to her rank amongst the nations of Europe. Their literature took a new start; societies of learned men were formed; the system of education revised, and even

the physical complexion of Poland began to improve. All things seemed to verify the fable of the phoenix rising from its ashes.

The emperor, whose liberal feelings were soon congealed on his return to the cold atmosphere of his native country, was frightened at the flight the spirit of freedom took, and began immediately to arrest it. He found fitting tools in Zaionczek, (Zah-yon-chek,) a Polish veteran, now made viceroy, and in his imperial brother, Constantine, who was appointed Commander-in-chief of the Polish army. The liberty of the press was the first object of his persecution; and the act of the 31st of July, 1819, put an end to it. His encroachment on a guaranteed right soon extended to other matters, in spite of the opposition of the Diet. Swarms of spies were let loose upon the country; a state prison was opened at Warsaw to receive patriots, which soon had occupants: and the publicity of debates in the Diet was abolished. These, however, were but presages of approaching atrocities which were enacted towards the end of Alexander's life, and after the accession of Nicolas, the 25th of December, 1825. We will introduce here a few instances which will give at least a faint idea of the character of the monsters concerned in these infernal deeds.

The Grand Duke, Constantine, did not confine himself to his military office, but meddled with everything in the government; his will alone became law. One of the most opulent and respectable citizens of Warsaw, without being at all acquainted with his character, hired, through some of his people, as a servant in his brewery, a Russian deserter. The offender was detected, but the brewer

* Notwithstanding our usual care, some misprints have occurred in our first chapter; we take this opportunity to correct them. Page 488, column II., § ii, line 5 from the bottom of the paragraph, read *Sarmata* instead of *Sarmatia*—the former being the singular of *Sarmatae*. Page 492, column I., for Reyten read Reytan—column II., for (Rats-lav-itsch) read (Rats-lav-itsch); for (Mah-tsich-yo-vitsch) read (Mah-tsich-yo-vitsch). Page 496, column I., for Glogowczyk, read Glogowczyk—for *Gli nomini* read *Gli uomini*.

was not *allowed* to prove his innocence, and by order of the Grand Duke was put in iron fetters and made to work with a wheelbarrow in the public streets. And when his daughter came to Constantine to crave mercy for her father, he kicked her down stairs, using at the same time the most abusive language. It was not uncommon for women to have their heads shaved by command of the despot, if they happened to displease him. Once, four soldiers were severely punished for not carrying out such an order, when they could not effect it without offering personal violence to the victims. A distinguished member of the diet, Niemojowski, for his opposing the arbitrary taxation which the Grand Duke would impose, was arrested and sent to his country-house, where, surrounded by Cossacks, he was kept for five years, and not allowed even to attend to his private affairs which demanded his supervision.

One day, a nobleman from the country, with his lady and coachman, were made to work with a wheelbarrow among the convicts, for having passed the *droszki* of the Grand Duke without paying any mark of respect to his highness, although they were ignorant of his equipage.

But the persecution did not end here; even children were punished for their thoughtless actions. A son of Count Plater, nine years old, in the playfulness of childhood while he was at college, wrote on a wall "The 3d of May forever," that being the anniversary of the famous constitution. The fact was reported to Novosilzoff, the curator of Universities, who instituted an inquiry among the students to ascertain the culprit. None of them, however, betrayed him, for which they were flogged with the utmost severity. The unlucky offender himself finally confessed the act, and was condemned by the Grand Duke to be a *soldier for life, incapable of any advancement in the army*. And when his mother threw herself before the Duke's carriage to implore mercy for her son, Constantine spurned her with his foot! Novosilzoff was one of the base hirelings worthy of his master; he was a fiend incarnate to the students, and as his station was next to the Grand Duke, his power was extensive, and not less despotical.

One instance more of the savage character of this man will be enough. One day an officer of the lancer-guard

went through his exercises before him in an admirable manner; but when ordered to turn while at full gallop—the horse having become restive—he was unable to do it. The command was repeated in a thundering voice, but in vain; the horse had become unmanageable. Constantine, now completely beside himself with rage, cried out "Halt!" and commanded a pyramid of twelve muskets with fixed bayonets to be erected. By this time the animal being subdued, the rider had returned, when he was ordered to leap the pyramid. All around trembled for him, but the officer's horse cleared it. Without a moment of delay he was ordered to repeat the fearful leap; and the noble animal stood safe again on the farther side. Thus thwarted in his purpose, the Grand Duke grew still more furious, and repeated the command for the third time. A General who happened to be present, interceded for the pardon of the officer, observing that the horse and rider were both exhausted, and it would be to doom them to a horrible death. The General was immediately arrested for presuming thus to interfere. The order was given, and the horse and rider escaped once more. For the fourth time the Grand Duke exclaimed, "To the left about!—Forward!" For the fourth time the horse gallantly cleared the pyramid, and then with his rider fell exhausted to the earth. The horse had his fore-legs broken, but the rider escaped unhurt; yet his countenance was deadly pale, his eyes glared wildly, and his knees shook under him. Death-like silence reigned as he approached the Grand Duke, and laying his sword at his Highness' feet, in broken voice thanked him for the honor of the emperor's service. "I take back your sword," said the Duke, sulkily, "but are you not aware of what may be the consequence of this *undutiful conduct* towards me?" The officer was sent to the guard-house. Subsequently he *disappeared*, and was never heard of after. This scene took place at St. Petersburg.

These are given merely as specimens—volumes might be filled with the atrocities of this prodigy of inhumanity, who for fifteen years was allowed to prey upon the Polish nation. They are also but individual grievances, while the entire nation suffered under more general wrongs. The sacredness of private correspondence was invaded. Letters were read at the post-offices, before they were delivered. If the skill of the seal-breaker

should fail in opening a letter, or closing it so as not to be discovered, it was then thrown aside. Spies infested all places; domestics, nay, relations were suspected, for this pestiferous influence reached even the humble hearth.

Such and similar were the sufferings that caused Poland to make a desperate effort to break her fetters. History does not present another instance of a nation suffering so much, and with such forbearance—the English barbarities towards the Irish have not equaled this. In the case of the Poles, barbarism and civilization—open cruelty and secret policy—joined to effect the same object, the extirpating of the nation.

While Poland was thus suffering, a few patriots, in 1821, conceived the idea of freeing her from the Russian yoke. At the same time, Russian patriots, headed by Col. Pestel, were anxious to redeem their own country, and in 1824 extended their hand to the Poles, as co-workers in the same cause. The month of May, 1826, was fixed upon as the day of deliverance. The death of Alexander in the early part of December, 1825, thwarted, however, these plans. The Russian patriots thought that the accession of Nicolas to the throne was the propitious hour for the revolt. The sequel, however, proved otherwise; the insurgents were dispersed, the leaders taken; some of whom were hanged, others sent to Siberia. This led the emperor to suspect the fidelity of the Poles, and inquiries were instituted in Poland, the consequences of which were, arrests on the least suspicion, imprisonment, and the exile to Siberia of many patriots, distinguished by their station as well as by their virtues.

But the more the emperor's wrath raged the more Polish patriots saw the necessity of delivering their country. Wysocki (Vis-ots-ky) and Schlegel, (Shlehehl) of the military school of cadets at Warsaw, planned the deliverance. They communicated their views to others, and thus was formed the "Patriotic Club." These heroic men for five years persevered in their undertaking, fearless of persecution, and the swarms of spies around them.

The three days of July of the French struck terror into the heart of Constantine. From the first reception of the news of this revolution, there was no day on which some persons were not imprisoned, either in Warsaw or the provinces. On

the night of the 7th of September, forty students were seized in their beds, and thrown into prison. The revolution in Belgium was a new bell of alarm, tolling its note of warning in the ears of Russian despots. But the number of patriots kept increasing, as did their courage. The arrest and imprisonment of eighty students who had assembled in a private house, to commemorate by prayers the anniversary of the butchery of their ancestors at Praga by Suwarow in 1794, hastened the day of deliverance. The measure of Russian iniquities was full to overflowing, and the 29th of November was fixed upon by the patriots as the day of retribution.

The Poles have long been distinguished for bravery, but in their whole history there is nothing transcending that which they displayed in the last revolution. Indeed, no history presents a spectacle morally more sublime than this event. A people who suffered till human patience could endure no longer, sensible of their wrongs rise unanimously to avenge them, to strike with the energy of despair for their homes and their altars—to deliver their bleeding country or fall in death upon her bosom—to roll back the tide of oppression that swept even her firesides, or perish in the effort. Had it not been for this revolution of the Poles, the French and the Belgians would have beheld the Russians at the gates of their respective capitals, for the holy Alliance had already planned, and the Russian and Polish army had received orders to be ready to move towards the Rhine with the first disappearance of snow. But Poland with her single hand stayed the arrogance of the despots that were to crush European freedom, though she fell herself by the act.

The sun of the 29th of November rose to see the patriots swear before the Almighty not to swerve from their holy purpose, and to ask his blessing upon their endeavors. Most of them were young men and students. That evening at seven o'clock, the flames of a wooden house rose to heaven, announcing that the hour of the resurrection of Poland was at hand. Obedient to the call, many brave students and officers ran to and fro through the streets of the Old Town shouting "Poles, brethren! the hour of vengeance has struck! The time to revenge the tortures and cruelties of fifteen years is come! Down with the tyrants! To arms, brethren, to arms! Our country forever!"

This thrilling war-cry struck every heart with electric power, and thousands

of voices bore the stirring appeal onward, "Down with the tyrants, down! Poland forever!"

A hundred and twenty cadets with Wysocki (Vissotskie) and Schlegel (Shlegel) at their head, throw themselves upon the barracks of the Russian cavalry, and sweeping them like a tornado, send fifty souls to their last account, and scatter the remaining eighteen hundred in consternation on every side—many of them perishing in the attempt to cross the canal surrounding the barracks. While this is going on, ten or twelve students traverse the gardens that lie on their way to the palace of the Grand Duke, bent upon securing his Highness. But for his fortunate star, they would have succeeded: he heard the tumult, and escaped through a secret door. On entering his apartments they found but his lady, whose repose they did not disturb. When about to leave the court-yard of the palace, they met the Russian General Gendre, aid-de-camp of Constantine, and the vilest of the vile, whom they killed on the spot, and dispersed his followers.

This work done, they hastened to rejoin their comrades at the bridge of Sobieski. Here a company of Russian cuirassiers, hurrying up to save their barracks, approached them. The cadets formed a line, and concealed themselves in the park near the street, waiting till they came up, and then poured a fierce volley into their ranks, sending confusion among them, and stretching sixty riders on the ground. This handful of brave youths passing on, meet a squadron of Russian hussars, while the heavy tramp of approaching cavalry shake the ground behind them. It is a critical moment, but undismayed, one-half of them throw themselves into the ditch, in order to receive the hussars, and the others form in platoons, and with hurrahs attack the cuirassiers in their rear, at the point of the bayonet. Both bodies of horse are overthrown, and the Russians fly with precipitation, leaving the ground covered with the dead.

Having not lost a single man in these skirmishes, the cadets arrive at the part of the city called the New World and the Three Golden Crosses, where they find two Polish companies of light infantry, who join them immediately in spite of the commands of their generals, Stanislas Potocki (Pototskie) and Trembicki (Trembitskie), who for their rashness in reproaching the soldiers with

their conduct, fall victims to the indignation of the populace. In extenuation of Potocki's conduct, it must be said that he perished through his ignorance of the character of this movement, and not through ill-disposition towards it, for he was known to be patriotic. The patriots thus strengthened meet in their onward course with the Polish generals, Hauke and Col. Mieciszewski (Mie-tsie-shevskie), whom they put to death together with General Siemionkowski (Siehmieont-kovskie); thus freeing the earth from the worthless burden of these men. Both the young and the old, and even women, run to swell the patriotic ranks and drink of the same cup of joy.

While this is going on in the south part of the city, the fourth regiment of infantry are active in another quarter. At every guard-house they rend the air with the alarm-drum, to which the shouts of the populace respond. They fall upon the barracks of Russian infantry, and carry them with fierce cries of vengeance.

"Free the prisoners," cry many voices. And a band of patriotic youths run to the Franciscan and Carmelite prisons. But the keepers, and turnkeys, and soldiers make a stout resistance; and a bloody struggle ensues in the narrow corridors. All were slain before the prison doors were burst open. What a scene follows! Here a father wasted with suffering, with tears of joy in his eyes, creeps to meet his son; there a son throws himself into the embraces of his liberator-father. And ye, four angels of chastity! who preferred your honor to your freedom, had, in this prison, to bear witness against the insult of certain Russian generals! At this sight, pity and vengeance alternately possessed every spectator's heart, and all exclaimed, "vengeance!" A hundred and seventy students, and about fifty elder persons, Polish soldiers and citizens, were rescued from these two prisons.

Next the barracks of Alexander and Stanislas, where the Russian infantry was lodged, yield to the patriots; and the Russians panic-struck, fly in the utmost disorder. At about midnight every part of the city, but the southern, being in possession of patriotic bands, multitudes hasten to the arsenal for arms and ammunition. Here the Polish general Blummer, who was rash enough to resist, fell; and the people made themselves masters of more than thirty thousand muskets, pistols, sabres and car-

bines. Thus being armed, they were arrayed in divisions under various commanders, and sent to patrol the streets, and arrest all spies and the flying enemy. Upwards of three hundred Russian officers were arrested, and the vile Macrot, the chief of spies was massacred, and his papers were seized.

Towards two in the morning, the quiet of the city being restored, most of the patriots assembled in the *Ulica Długa*, the Long-street, to consult upon the measures to be adopted on the coming day, and sent forth the following address to the people: "Dear brethren, let no one have a right to accuse us of cruelty; may the sanctity of our cause never be polluted by barbarous passions. Having a single end in view, national freedom and justice, may we prove lions in battle, mild and indulgent to defenceless foes and repentant apostates. Brethren, let unity, love and friendship be ours! Let us forget private rancor and selfish interest! Children of one mother, our dear Poland, let us save her from ruin!" To this thousands of voices responded, with "Poland forever!" And then, grateful to their Maker, the assembled multitude knelt before the Almighty to thank him for the deliverance effected with so little bloodshed, and to crave his blessing for the future. What a touching spectacle to behold a multitude, in the dead of night, when all is dark above—with here and there a solitary lamp throwing its dim light upon their bent figures and upturned faces, as they prayed to their deliverer!

The solemn prayer being finished, plans were adopted for the defence of the city; and, Praga being taken possession of, all was quiet till the approaching morning. Thus ended this memorable night of the 29th of November, 1830, amid these tumults in which no one was slain without provocation, and the rights of property were respected.

The first morn of freedom, after so many years of bondage, was saluted with the shouts of "Our country," "Poland forever!" At six in the morning, the drums beat for the people to assemble. Crowds pressed into the public squares, without distinction of rank, age or sex. Clergymen, civil officers, Jews, even women and children, armed with pistols, assembled and mixed in the ranks. The first step was to drive the Russians from the city, and before nine o'clock not a soul of them was left within the walls.

With acclamations the people then received General Chlopicki (Klopitskie) as their Commander-in-chief, while Prince Adam Czartoryski (Char-tau-rys-kie), Prince Michael Radziwil (Radz-iv-ill), Julian U. Niemcewicz (Niem-tseh-vitch), and Lelewel (Lel-ev-el), were chosen members of Provisional Government—Prince Lubecki (Loo-bets-kie), the old minister, being retained in his station to assist them. The new members immediately put the wheels of the government in motion, to give confidence to the people and preserve order and quiet.

They sent deputies to the Grand Duke, who, with about 8,000 men, lay before the walls of the city, to inquire what were his intentions. They established the national guard, who immediately entered upon their duties. At the same time, the Provisional Government sent proclamations to inform the nation of these events. All went on as regularly as ever, and the city bore an aspect of perfect tranquillity; even the shops were opened. The Russian prisoners were provided for, and treated with the utmost kindness.

In the afternoon of the 2d of December troops arrived from the country; and more than a thousand peasants, and fifty country girls, from the vicinity of Warsaw, armed with clubs, scythes, and other weapons, entered the city. The enthusiasm for the cause of their country overcame even girlish timidity. The national government welcomed these interesting volunteers, and the populace escorted them through the streets with shouts of joy.

On the morning of the 3d of December the Grand Duke was allowed to depart unmolested for the frontier with his Russian guards; while the Polish troops that were with him declined following him, and returned to the city. On this day, the people were informed that the Prince Adam Czartoryski, was made President of the Provisional Government; that the 18th of December was appointed for the opening of the Diet, and that a deputation would be sent to St. Petersburg to demand their rights of the Emperor.

The succeeding fourth, fifth, and sixth of December, were memorable for the continual arrival of crowds from the country. Soldiers and countrymen flocked in from all quarters, carried away by the general enthusiasm; and in a short time more than five thousand peasants, armed with axes, scythes, and all sorts of weapons arrived;

while more than two hundred country girls were found in their number. The cup of joy was now full to the brim. All distinction of rank, age, even sex vanished. The noble and the peasant, the rich and the poor, joined by the common tie of sufferings, embraced as brothers. Tables with refreshments were spread in the streets for those who arrived; and in the evening, the theatre was opened for the first time in this eventful period. A patriotic drama was performed which electrified the audience; the music playing Kosciuszko's march, that had not been heard for fifteen years, was drowned in the shouts of the people. "Hail our country, our father Kosciuszko and his friend La Fayette for ever!" filled the air.

On the conclusion of the drama, those of the patriots who distinguished themselves on the first night and after, in this revolution, and those who suffered in dungeons for their country, were presented to the audience. The people received them with joy, and carried them about on their shoulders. Then several ladies were brought forward, who on the first night had followed the patriots in arms, or had sacrificed their wealth on the altar of freedom. These heaven-sent angels appearing in the halo of their virtue, were received by the people with the greatest enthusiasm, who intoxicated with joy and their newly recovered liberty, returned with shouts and songs to their homes.

On the 5th religious solemnities, in honor of the martyrs of Praga, took place under the canopy of heaven at Praga. On the spot where their remains were buried an altar was erected, and mass was said. More than 50,000 men, that were assembled under the altar, sent up, with one voice, their prayer to God. The twelve academical legions formed the innermost circle, amid which the late sufferers were the most prominent. In the intervals of, and after the divine service, several speeches were made; one of which was delivered by one of the liberated prisoners, who, after alluding to the cruelties of Suwarow, and stating his own sufferings, thus concluded:

"Brethren, we were lately forbidden, nay, it was accounted a crime, to pray for our murdered ancestors. To-day, under this free vault of heaven, on the grave of our fathers, on the soil moistened with their sacred blood, which cries to us for retribution, in the presence of their spirits hovering over us, we swear never to lay down

our arms till we shall have been avenged, or fallen like them."

At the conclusion of the ceremony the air resounded with the patriotic hymns which the assembled multitude rolled heavenward in their joy.

On the 6th of December, the silver-headed general, Chlopicki (Klopitskie), whom Europe knew as a warrior, and his country as a patriot, was chosen dictator. Thus, the supreme civil and military power being committed to his hands, the authority of the provisional government was at an end. The Dictator promised to lay down his authority on the assemblage of the Diet, and he took an oath to act in conformity to the spirit of the nation.

On entering upon his duties, the Dictator was found unequal to his task. He amused himself with diplomatic negotiations, and neglected the rapid preparations for war that were demanded by the people. In the mean time the Emperor roared like a lion when provoked in his den, threatening utter annihilation if the people did not submit unconditionally. What was wanting to the Dictator in activity, the people tried to make up by their own energy, and the warlike preparations went on briskly. On the assemblage of the Diet, the Dictator's conduct was inquired into; the consequence of which was, that he was deprived of his authority. The civil administration was entrusted to Prince Adam Czartoryski, and the command of the army to Prince Michael Radziwil, both subordinate to the Diet.

After he proved his inability to be at the helm of the government, General Chlopicki took a place in the suite of the Commander-in-chief, and was admitted into the councils of military affairs. The dictatorship was unhappy in its consequences, for the time lost in delay could not be retrieved, even by victories. The enemy was allowed to cross the frontiers, while they might have been easily kept at a distance.

When the Russian army was in motion against the Poles, Diebitsch, the Commander-in-chief published a proclamation, couched in insulting terms, and threatening to crush the Polish nation with one blow. Indignant at these menaces, the people instantly demanded to be led against the enemy. The contest was to be unequal. Prussia and Austria assumed a menacing attitude, and

the numerous Russian army was already advancing. Yet courage and faith in the good cause, joyously bore the hand-ful of the Poles into the field of battle.

On the 25th of January the troops began to leave Warsaw and the other towns of the department, for the scene of action. When the march commenced, people from the neighboring country covered the plains around Warsaw, witnessing the departure. The troops passed in review before the general-in-chief, and left the city marching between lines of people, composed of senators, officers of the government, the clergy, women and children, and extending more than two miles beyond Praga. Each regiment took an oath to defend their country to the last drop of their blood. And sentiments like the following were constantly heard: "Dear General, if you see us turn from before the enemy, point the artillery against us, and annihilate our ranks." The people could not but trust in such soldiers.

The actual force of the Polish army at the commencement of the campaign amounted to 32,600 infantry, 13,200 cavalry, while its artillery consisted of 96 pieces. So small a handful of men dared to engage with the giant forces of Russia, consisting, according to their own statements, of 300,000 men and 300 cannon. This colossal army, with Marshal Diebitsch at their head, crossed, in the early part of February, 1831, the Polish frontier.

Thus, after being chained for fifteen years, the white Polish eagle breaks loose his fetters. Mindful of his past glory he soars high in the skies; he pants for a rencounter, and defies the black two-headed Russian bird of prey. Their first meeting is a determined struggle; the white plumage of the bird of Poland is reddened with the blood of his antagonist, which is glad to escape with life. They meet again; and again the black eagle of Russia seeks safety in flight. But to follow thee, O white eagle! in thy bold flight, to recount thy bloody battles and thy victories, would task the pen of a Livy.

The 10th of February, 1831, was the day that heard the first shots exchanged by the two opposing armies. Mien-dzyrzec was the place in which a little skirmish took place; and here the Polish army entered upon the career of victory. Several remarkable battles, and numerous

skirmishes had already occurred when the dawn of the 25th of February broke upon the victorious Poles. This was the day of the memorable battle of Grochow, fought within sight of the walls of Warsaw.

The force that the enemy disposed in order of battle consisted of 126,000 infantry, 42,000 cavalry and 280 cannon. The day of this great action was a day of unprecedented horror. The battle opened at day-break, and at once became furious. The earth bellowed and groaned as if in her last agonies; the air, pierced with thousands of voices of the dying and wounded, seemed as if invaded by vociferating spirits, the clouds of smoke turned day into night, through which broke the flashes of the cannon like lightning through the midnight tempest. The men, begrimed with smoke and bespattered with blood, looked as if just escaped from the infernal regions; all was wild, unearthly and terrific. But amid these scenes, senators, officers of the government, the clergy, nay, women of rank, were seen succoring the wounded and comforting the dying. And hard by, the anxious multitude covered the plain, watching eagerly the balancing of the fate of the battle; their pale, anxious faces now reflecting joy, now fear; their hearts now swelling at the sight of the retreating enemy, and now trembling for the fate of their fathers, husbands, sons and brothers. A little farther off rose the walls of Warsaw, black with the breathless population, fixedly gazing upon the scene below, filled with the agony of wavering hope, the convulsive succession of fear and joy, as the tide of battle flowed towards the city or receded in the distance. Nine times did the Russian thousands sweep over their position, and nine times did that band of freemen steadily hurl them back. At length, with the sunset, victory gave her blast for the Poles. All at once, the heavens resound with "POLAND FOREVER!" The people rush into the embraces of the exhausted but victorious soldiers. Here the mother finds her son, doubly dear to her for his gushing wounds; there, the wife her husband, more beloved for the marks of daring that cover him; and yonder, children come to kiss the wounds of their father. And here, at the sight of a dying brother or son, husband or father, nature struggles between the love of self and that of country; but the last prevails. Such was this eventful day,

and overcome with heat, threw off all unsurpassed in the annals of warfare for its bloodshed and the bravery of a free people. Twenty thousand Russians and five thousand Poles strewed the earth, a terrible holocaust to freedom. The fight was so close that there was not a single general or staff officer who had not his horse killed or wounded under him. More than a tenth part of the army were slightly wounded, though not disabled from service, and two-thirds, at least, of the officers, and probably the same proportion of the soldiers, had their clothes pierced with balls.

This battle first brought the merits of John Skrzynecki (Skrjin-ets-kie) into view. Prince Radziwil took his responsible trust upon condition that he should be allowed to resign it, as soon as the field of action should discover a genius equal to the task. The Prince resigned his office of commander-in-chief, and General Skrzynecki, on the 27th of February, was appointed by the Diet in his place. The success of the battle and the choice of this General filled the nation with the highest joy. The youth from all quarters of Poland flocked to join the national standard, and the people were flushed with the hope of success. Many laid their fortunes on the altar of their country, and ran to sacrifice their lives.

The following anecdote will show how much General Skrzynecki was beloved by the army. While inspecting the 7th regiment of infantry, he noticed a soldier who, having not yet entirely recovered from his wounds, had his head bandaged. "My dear comrade," said he to the soldier, "why have you left the hospital in such a state? You had better return immediately." The soldier answered, "General, I have heard of your courage and your achievements, and how much you are beloved by the nation, and I could not refuse myself the satisfaction of being present at the first fire under your command; and in which I hope the Polish army will be victorious." Skrzynecki, embracing the wounded patriot, exclaimed, "With such soldiers to command, I need have no fear that I shall fail to support the honor of my country!"

Every step that the new Commander-in-chief took was marked by energy; the organization of the army went on rapidly; the fortification of Warsaw, also, was prosecuted with vigor; and victory everywhere perched on the Polish standard. The battle of Demby-Wielkie (Demby-

wielkie,) fought on the 30th of March, proved that the hopes the nation reposed in the talents of Skrzynecki were well grounded. All the details of the action were arranged by the Commander-in-chief himself: the result of which was, that the enemy lost, in dead, wounded and prisoners, about 10,000 men and 22 cannon. The Poles suffered only the loss, in killed and wounded, of about five hundred.

It is not our design to enter into a particular account of all the battles that were fought, but simply to state the result of them. In the spring the Lithuanians arose, and though few in numbers and badly equipped, fought successfully against a superior force of veteran troops. A band of two hundred boldly advanced against an army of five thousand men, supported by twelve cannon and defended by the walled city of Wilna, and overthrew them.

General Dwernicki (Dwer-nits-kie,) with his corps, in the south of Poland, performed prodigies of valor, and the cause of independence went gloriously on. Up to the battle of Iganie, which took place on the 9th of April, fifteen great battles were fought, in which the enemy lost nearly fifty thousand men, without winning a single one. All this time, the Polish army consisted of nearly fifty thousand men, with a hundred and forty cannon, while the enemy had been reinforced with forty thousand fresh troops.

The first and only defeat in the whole war that the Poles suffered, was that of Kazimierz, in the early part of April, where, after hard fighting against three times their own number, the small corps of the intrepid General Sierawski (Sieh-ravskie) were compelled to abandon their position, though they retired in perfect order. Still, this defeat deranged the plans of the Commander-in-chief, and thus had an unfortunate effect upon the final issue of the war.

The battle of Ostrolenka, on the 26th of May, 1831, one of the fiercest which took place, showed that the Polish arm was yet strong. The two armies were led by their generalissimos in person; but while Diebitsch was borne about in an easy carriage, Skrzynecki fought on foot with bayonet in hand, together with General Pac (Pats). It was a sultry day, and made still more so by the clouds of smoke that curtained in the hosts; and after struggling heroically for several hours, the Poles, panting from exhaustion

their accoutrements and superfluous clothing, and seizing the naked bayonet, bore down with their terrible front on the Russian lines. Then commenced one of those desperate hand-to-hand fights, so fearful to witness. On one side were patriotic devotion and the enthusiasm of a noble cause—on the other overwhelming numbers and the discipline of veteran troops; and when they closed with the bayonet the struggle became terrific. The clatter of steel was heard above the roar of cannon, as with their flashing eyes bent in wrath on the enemy, and their measured tread shaking the ground over which they passed, those determined Poles pressed steadily on. Nothing could withstand their shock—over artillery, infantry and all, they swept like the in-rolling tide of the sea, and the bloody field was won. Nine thousand Russians, covered with blood and dust, and trampled to the earth, marked their terrible path over the field; and there also were scattered three thousand Polish martyrs among whom were numbered the gallant Generals Kicki (Kitskie) and Kaminski (Kham-inskie). It was at this battle that General Bem, at the head of his park of artillery, displayed his genius and won an immortal name. After the battle, Diebitsch withdrew with his army towards the Prussian frontier, where *he received supplies from Prussia*, and where he lay inactive till death overtook him on the 10th of June.

The disarming of the corps of General Dwernicki (Dver-nitskie) by the Austrians, the misconduct of the Generals Gielgud and Chlapowski (Klap-ovskie) in Lithuania, who entered Russia with their forces, and the discovery of a Russian conspiracy, in which General Janowski (Yan-kov-skie) was implicated, damped the hopes of the Poles, and in the frenzy of despair they even suspected their beloved Skrzynecki and Czartoryski.

After Count Paskievitch succeeded Diebitsch in the command, under the protection of the Prussian frontier, he crossed the Vistula and encamped on its left bank, and soon was within a few hours' march of Warsaw. This alarmed the nation. The people and the army, who were kept inactive, were exasperated, and many persons fell the victims of their suspicion.

A committee was appointed by the Diet to inquire into the conduct of the Commander-in-chief, who was found innocent. His reasons for inactivity were, as

stated to the committee under an oath of secrecy, that the French and English cabinets gave him assurances of being interested in the Polish cause, and that in two months everything would be settled in its favor—*time alone was necessary, and that he should not risk a battle*. The Poles were yet able to fight, and could beat the enemy, had it not been for this wily diplomacy. Russia duped both the French and the English cabinets by fair promises, or they both must be considered as villainous accomplices in a conspiracy against Poland. At the same time the Diet deposed Skrzynecki and nominated, *pro tempore*, in his place General Dembinski, who had returned covered with laurels from an expedition into Lithuania. This General, for a distance of several hundred miles, (from the gulf of Riga to Warsaw,) and for twenty days, cut his way through the enemy, steadily continuing his march, though surrounded by a superior force and constantly exposed to their murderous fire, and arrived at Warsaw early in August, just at the time of this awful crisis in the fortunes of Poland, and was soon after nominated Commander-in-chief.

General Krukowiecki (Kroo-kov-yetskie) was chosen President of the Government, but with the powers of a Dictator. This was the most unfortunate step that the Diet took. This base man betrayed his trust; he played into the hands of the enemy, and was not detected till it was too late to counteract his intrigues, for the enemy was at the gates of Warsaw. By his artifices, he tried to induce the Diet to sign the capitulation, but it refused to the last.

On the 6th of September, at eight in the morning, the enemy advanced to storm the city. Prior to this, Krukowiecki weakened the garrison by sending away 20,000 troops. At 10 in the morning, the Diet assembled and continued their deliberations amidst the roar of cannon.

The garrison, in spite of the traitor Krukowiecki, bravely defended the city. On the following morning (the 7th) Paskievitch summoned the place to surrender; but receiving cannon balls for his answer, he pressed forward. Until eleven o'clock at night, the horrors of battle continued to rage. Emboldened by the nearer approach of the enemy, the Generalissimo attempted to coerce the authorities into a surrender, and endeavored to compel Count Ostrowski (Os-trov-skie)

as Marshal of the Diet, to sign the capitulation. "You may murder me," answered the noble Marshal with indignation, "but as I have no *Russian* blood in my veins, I will never sign this capitulation." Now Krukowiecki's conduct was intelligible; he was deposed, and Bonaventura Niemojowski (Nieh-mau-yov-skie) succeeded him as President of the National Government.

The city was found on fire in several places, and to save it, the capitulation was signed, by which the Polish troops were to evacuate Warsaw. The army, accompanied by the authorities and the principal families, then left the city for Modlin. The Russians, having lost 25,000 men before the walls, entered Warsaw without the confidence of conquerors, while the Poles left it full of hope soon to drive them out—the military bands playing as they went the national air, "Poland is not yet lost!" Krukowiecki, who remained to welcome the enemy, received the proper reward for his services—he was sent into Siberia.

The head-quarters were established in Modlin, and General Rybinski (Rib-inskie) was nominated general-in-chief. The unfortunate course that the cause of the Polish nation took from this time, is rather unaccountable. True, the capitulation of Warsaw enervated the moral courage of the nation; the faith in success was shaken, but yet there was lack neither of numbers nor of stout hearts.

General Rybinski, at the head of 20,000 men, fought 40,000 Russians while retreating towards the Prussian frontier, and there met by 20,000 Prussians, saw himself obliged to surrender his arms into the hands of that perfidious power. When thus disarmed, and after

solemn promises of good treatment, they were fired upon and brutally massacred by these civilized barbarians! They even resorted to starvation to induce the Polish soldiers to return to the *tender* mercies of Russia; and they actually, by force and persuasion, after they separated the officers from the troops, drove the latter into Russian dominions, where they were impressed into service, and sent into Caucasian deserts. After the Poles were disarmed all the arms were given up to Russia by the Prussian authorities. Such was the fate of this corps.

General Rozycki (Ro-zits-kie), at the head of his corps, retreated fighting into the Cracow territory, and so did General Romarino, where they both were disarmed by the Austrians, and sent into the interior of their dominions. This happened towards the end of September. Thus, more than 50,000 men, with arms in their hands, were constrained to abandon the Polish territory. The fortress of Zamosc (Zam-ostz) held out to the last, but it had to submit in the latter part of October;—and,

"So all this gallant blood has gushed in vain!
And Poland, by the Northern Condor's beak
And talons torn, lies prostrated again.

O British patriots, that were wont to speak

Once loudly on this theme, now hushed or meek!

O heartless men of Europe—Goth and Gaul!

Cold—adder-deaf to Poland's dying shriek!
That saw the world's last land of heroes fall—

The brand of burning shame is on you all—all—all!"

THREE CHAPTERS ON THE HISTORY OF POLAND.

CHAPTER III.*

CHARACTER OF THE POLES.

REFLECTING upon the fate of Poland, one is surprised and pained at the melancholy issue of so many great sacrifices, so much bloodshed, heroic devotion and fervid patriotism! The love of country with the Poles cannot be said to be a sober virtue. It is rather a passion that never ceases to agitate their breasts; it is the enthusiastic devotion of a chevalier to the queen of his heart; being always foremost in his thoughts and feelings. True, there are some traitors among them; but what nation has them not? Still it will be found true that no modern nation, or any of the ancient, have produced so many instances of enthusiastic patriotism as they. Other nations have not suffered such calamities—they were more or less prosperous; but it was not so with the Poles. If in prosperity man is not so much tempted to crime, his virtue at the same time is not so great, and does not stand out in bold relief. Misfortune has a contrary effect; it either plunges him into the abyss of iniquity, or hardens his virtue so that it will resist both time and change.

The chivalry of modern nations succeeded to the patriotism of the ancients; but in this age of prudence and expediency we rather choose to keep aloof from the extremes of either, for they become rather uncomfortable virtues. Notwithstanding this general tendency, the Poles give us examples of patriotism which, if they do not surpass, certainly equal any to be found in antiquity—of patriotism that is not based on mere selfish feeling, but on the noblest sentiments of the human heart. Their history proves they were never the aggressors, but fought only to defend their own rights and their own territory. The saying "*Ubi patria, ibi bene*," became theirs. Zolkiewski's last breath when falling on the battle-field, "*dulce pro patria mori*," is worthy the best Roman or Greek days. Their history and literature are replete with sayings and deeds whose exalted source was love of country. What feelings they cherish towards their own

land may be gathered from the endearing appellation of *our mother*, which with them is synonymous with Poland. Their last revolution is but one grand display of the noblest self-devotion—every man was a patriot, and every woman a heroine.

We will introduce here a few instances which will give an idea of the spirit that animated this people when struggling for their liberty. Besides exposing their lives to the chances of battle, many contributed large sums to the national treasury. General Pac (Pats) was the first, who in the very beginning of the revolution laid on the altar of his country the sum of 100,000 florins, (equal to 12,400 dollars,) and though nearly sixty years old, fought bravely to the close. Prince Czartoryski, (Charto-ryskie,) whose yearly income was £80,000, has had his estates confiscated, and yet he prefers to live an exile in foreign countries, on scanty means, than sue for pardon though the emperor be glad to grant it.

As for personal devotion, we must only mention a few among the bravest of the brave, and the Generalissimo Skrzynecki deserves the first notice. It would be impossible to display more courage than he did at the battle of Ostrolenka. He conceived the idea of attacking the enemy at the nearest distance possible. He took twelve field-pieces, and two regiments of cavalry for their protection, and profiting from the dusk, led them in person, fixed the battery at three hundred paces from the enemy, and ordered it to open. At the same time he seated himself, with the utmost coolness, at the head of the battery, exposed to the incessant fire of the enemy's artillery. In vain did the officers beg him not to expose his life thus: he sat immovable as a marble statue till he saw the enemy shaking and finally forced back.

Nor is this a single instance of such intrepidity; Colonel Pieraka, whose battery at the battle of Grochow was the most destructive to the enemy, and frequently the most exposed, kept up a fire,

* In the last number, on page 638, 1st line in 1st column should be transferred to the bottom of the 2d column.

chiefly of grape-shot; for five hours, sometimes at the distance of a few hundred paces only. Amidst the most frightful carnage he remained calm and imperturbable, and appeared more like a god dealing out deadly blows to mortals than an ordinary man. Although his clothes were pierced through and through, and his casque torn to pieces, yet his person was not touched. Lieutenant Czykowski (Chy-kov-skie) affords a noble example of a patriot struggling for the salvation of his country. While at the head of the grenadiers of the 7th regiment, he received a grape-shot in his leg, which threw him down. Unmindful of himself, as he fell he cried, "Grenadiers, advance!" and kept up this cry while he lay prostrate on the ground. Worthy of such a commander, animated by his noble spirit, the grenadiers rushed to the charge and drove the enemy from their position. He is one of the heroes of the battle of Grochow. But here is another of them, bombardier Kozieradzki. This brave soldier was sent to another battery with orders to change its position, and while on his way to execute his commission, a cannon ball carried away his arm. Rising from the blow, dangling the bleeding mutilated stump as he went, he staggered on, reached the battery, executed his commission, and then fell from the loss of blood.

We should do injustice to the Polish women if we should here overlook them. Like the daughters of Sparta, they wished to share the dangers of war with their countrymen, and so formed three companies under the command of ladies of the most distinguished families. They were to follow the army in the rear, and on a battle taking place, to take care of the wounded. The first company, composed of the young and active, proposed to carry off the wounded from the field; the second, attending the vehicles designed to receive the wounded, were to take care of them and dress their wounds; the third to take charge of the provisions, the making of lint and bandages, and even of the washing of the soldiers' clothing. The nation, proud of such daughters, was satisfied with their noble intentions, but their services were refused, for the labor they were willing to task themselves with would have proved too much for them. But not to deprive such noble women of the luxury of sharing in the general toil, they were distributed among the hospitals, where they could nurse the

sick and disabled. In erecting the fortifications of Warsaw all the citizens were employed without distinction of age or sex, and to pay tribute to the patriotism of the women one of the outworks was named the *lunette* of the women, having been raised entirely by their hands. They also made sacrifices of their fortunes, plate, jewels, wedding rings, which they turned into coin for the use of the country. They even offered their lives on the field of battle. Countess Plater, after having armed the peasantry on her estates with scythes, pitch-forks, fowling-pieces, led them against the Russian troops. This girl, who led a life of ease and pleasure, now faced the dangers and hardships of war in every battle that was fought in Lithuania. Constantia Raszanowicz (Rah-shan-au-vich) was the Countess' companion in arms and perils; she also spared neither her fortune nor exertions in the cause of freedom.

Countess Claudine Potocka (Po-tots-kah) who spared neither herself, nor her fortune in many dangerous enterprises, gave particular proofs of heroic devotion, in the hospitals of Warsaw, where seated at the bedside, she spent seven successive months in alleviating the sufferings, and dressing the wounds of the sick. In connection with Countess Potocka we cannot but pay a tribute of admiration to her intimate friend and fellow-laborer Miss Emily Szczaniecka (Shtchah-niets-kah). This young and lovely lady, at the age when hopes bloom the brightest, gave up the whole of her fortune to her country, and then joined the Sisters of Charity that she might continue to work for the common cause. Many more names may be mentioned that in future will be like stars illumining the path of heroism and virtue, but we forbear. Yet, notwithstanding the efforts of such sons and such daughters, Poland lies prostrate beneath that Power of the north, which is never satisfied with human blood; not however as conquered by force of arms, but as a victim to the intrigues of her enemy, and the pusillanimity of her friends.

The lot of Poland after the last revolution has become harder than ever it was before, for the Russian autocrat neglects no means that can oppress a people. If he cannot be master of flourishing Poland, he is determined to possess at least the Polish desert. He has already become the sole land-proprietor of more than the half of its soil by the confiscation of the estates of the

wealthy. By taxation, oppressive conscription, and keeping an army that is fed by the people, he drains the last drop of blood from the inhabitants. To make colonies in the deserts of Caucasus, he gave orders to transplant thither 5,000 families from the south of Poland. Unable to resist, they were dragged into the wilderness to lead a life of misery, leaving their homes, their country, and with them all that is dear to the human heart. To see them depart amidst lamentations and cries of despair of the women and children, and dumb looks of the men, surrounded by the base, insensible crew of the yet baser autocrat, to hear them invoke destruction upon the head of the inhuman enemy and their own; curse their parents that gave them birth, the day that saw them born, would fill any heart with the keenest indignation and the deepest sympathy. But this is not all, brutal Russians have been introduced in their place to become a part of the population of the country.

The oppression does not stop here. Their religion and their priests are persecuted; their universities and colleges, after being pillaged of all that they had valuable, as libraries, etc., were either suppressed entirely, or supplanted by mock institutions into which the most compulsive system of corrupted education was introduced. Their language is excluded from courts and from schools; nay, it is even prohibited to speak Polish in public places. Their laws are abrogated, and the Emperor's will or the *ukase* is made their substitute, till the administration of justice is mere mockery. The caprice of the officer, or a bribe, makes the scales turn accordingly. No one is allowed to hold an office, but a Russian or a renegade Pole. It is considered an act deserving punishment if one should publicly avow himself to be a Pole; and everything that pertains to their national customs or habits is prohibited or derided by those Moscovite barbarians. The country is made a large prison-house infested with spies. Thousands of the noble and daring are sent to work in the mines of Siberia. According to an official statement 75,000 men had been sent into Siberia, since the accession of Nicholas to the throne up to 1832, which includes the space of only seven years; but from that time to the present the number has trebled at least. These men are mostly state criminals and chiefly Poles, among whom the first names of

the country are to be found. In the dead of night they are seized and carried away from amidst their families to be never more heard of.

After the fatal termination of the last revolution, the emperor gave orders to provide for the orphans of those who were killed in war, or who went abroad leaving their children behind them. This was trumpeted throughout Europe as a benevolent, magnanimous act of the autocrat; while in fact it was designed to cover the most hideous crime. In consequence of this order, more than 5,000 children at a time, were torn from the bosoms of their mothers who were sufficiently able to provide for them: the most distinguished families were the victims of this barbarity. These children were forced away from their lamenting parents, in the bitter cold of January, and with scarcely any covering, packed up in wagons, and carried into the interior of Russia to be educated for slavery as common soldiers' children. Many of them died on their way from hunger and cold, but their numbers were replaced by those who were kidnapped on the way. It was a heart-rending scene to behold the streets of Warsaw resounding with the cries of agonized mothers throwing themselves under the wheels of the wagons to be crushed rather than survive that awful separation, or rudely pushed back by the brutal force of the Russian soldiery; and to witness the young victims confounded with the sight, heaped together like a flock of innocent lambs, separated from their parents, trembling with terror, utter in melancholy strains "*dear mother! dear mother!*" What father's or what mother's heart could withstand this sight without bursting with frenzy?

The same infernal act was repeated in the country with the children of many noblemen; and here is one of its tragic consequences. After the vain attempts of Lady Grozewska (Gro-zev-skah) to save her two sons by imploring mercy for them of the emperor, Cossacks were sent to carry the children away. On the appearance of these brutes to execute their commission, this noble woman determined to disappoint him. "No," said she, "that insatiable dragon shall not drink the blood of my loins. My children shall live with me forever." With these words she stabbed her two boys by her side, and then with the same steel pierced her own noble heart. Oh,

honorable weakness! may God avenge thy innocent blood! Such are the deeds of this arch-Herod of the North; but this is not all.

The Polish captives that were at Cronstadt were required to take the oath of allegiance to the Emperor, but they refused, for which they were made to run the gauntlet. Two lines of soldiers were made, each of 250 men. Each soldier held a hazel switch, several feet in length. Through these ranks the condemned Poles were forced to pass. First the victim's back was stripped of clothing, then the butt-ends of two carbines placed under his arms, by which means he was dragged along, while a bayonet was held against his breast to prevent him from going too quickly. Field-pieces were placed at both ends of the ranks to blow to atoms those of the Poles who would dare to attempt to rescue these unfortunate victims. 3,000 Polish captives were brought there to witness this awful scene. At the time we speak of, (November, 1832,) 50 men were the designed victims, eight of whom were flogged the same day.

The decree being read, the man was led between the two files, and with the first blow music began to play to drown his cries. Before the unfortunate creature reached the other extremity of the ranks, streams of blood burst from his back—his piercing cries were hushed in silence, and senseless he was dragged up and down the files, though flesh flew from his back at every step. This brutality completed, the sufferer fell on the ground, where he lay till the cart came to carry him away to the hospital, without any other covering to his mangled body than a mat. In this way, two or three of these unfortunate men received eight thousand, others from four to six thousand lashes! A priest, with the cross in his hand, stood at the head of the line near the general officer, and promised them pardon if they would recant; but the noble-spirited sufferers preferred death to servitude. These are the deeds of the *clement* Emperor, who, to prove to the world that cruelty and faithlessness go hand in hand, after repeatedly proclaiming amnesty to the Poles, seized upon those who confided in his word.

The picture we have drawn here is already horrible enough: though incomplete, yet it is sufficient to give some idea of the present state of Poland, and of the character of the monster, who has

yet found eulogizers in an English lord, and even one of our republicans, who was sent by the State of Ohio to inquire into the condition of the Prussian schools, and who informed the public that the *clement* Emperor is *educating* the Poles! Take shame to yourselves, men! who let the present of a gold snuff-box with the despot's portrait, cover the crimes of a fiend; or allow heartless, courtly politeness to go for benevolence. Shame! shame to you all, who screen flagrant guilt from the world's indignation!

Such is the lot of the Poles who are within the reach of the Emperor Nicholas; as for those who are abroad, a few words will suffice. The number of the latter amounts to several thousand, scattered throughout the civilized world; but they reside chiefly in France and England. About three hundred were sent by Austria into this country. Their subsistence depends on their exertion, but as a great number of them did not belong to working-classes in their own country, their condition may be easily conceived.

Little is known of the character, habits and literature of the Poles in foreign countries, and particularly on this side of the Atlantic. The degree of ignorance that prevails in this respect is often ludicrous. In the geographies used by schools in this country, it is gravely stated that they wear stockings and pantaloons of a piece; that when they are invited to dine with their friends, they bring with them their spoons in their pockets; and that during dinner they take care to have the door shut that nobody may come in! And an encyclopedist, speaking of their language, says, that it is so uncouth, that it has words of several consonants without a single vowel! This, besides being false, is an impossibility; for the human tongue cannot pronounce intelligible sounds, without there is a vowel at a certain distance to support the consonants. No more than two sounds made of either two, three, or at most six, consonants joined to a vowel can be pronounceable, is intelligible, or capable of being written.

We can give here but an imperfect outline of the character of this people and their literature. The means of education since the introduction of Christianity into the country, were never neglected in Poland; if not always in advance of, they always kept pace with, those of the rest of Europe. Poland had her colleges and universities, in which the no-

bility and middle classes were instructed with as much success as in any other part of the continent. The Polish nobility also frequently sent their sons to travel in foreign countries or attend foreign universities, being aware that intercourse with various people enlightens the mind and expands the heart.

To give the scope of the studies pursued in their universities, not to speak of others, we will take for an instance the university of Warsaw. Here the instruction in general knowledge was divided into five faculties; that of law, of divinity, of medicine, of the natural sciences and literature, and that of the fine arts: 42 professors filled these departments. The universities were well endowed, and all means that are indispensable to the completeness of instruction, such as libraries, cabinets of natural history and so forth, were secured. This, we say, *was*, for what *now* is we have already told: the Russian autocrat has trampled upon all knowledge and freedom.

If the Poles have not of late made themselves known to the scientific world by any discoveries in the sciences, yet they have the merit of having availed themselves of the investigations of others in their culture.

Poland has been enslaved and therefore she could not share the honor of late discoveries in science with other nations, as her mind was too much engrossed with her calamities, which have given a peculiar cast to her literature. Yet none of the departments of Polish literature have been neglected: science and belles-lettres had their guardians among the Poles, and philosophy had students, though no originators of new systems. The activity of the national mind, however, was particularly directed to polite literature, the burden of which is their country or the goddess of love.

The love of their country, her calamities, and the deeds of their heroes are the soul of their literature to such a degree, that they make its characteristic distinction from that of other countries in Europe. Thus it is rendered eminently their own, and may be considered a true counterpart of the character of the people. History and fiction have both been cultivated with ardor; and they have not neglected to polish their language. They are great lovers of music, song and the drama; and consequently these receive the impress of their character. The latter, pointing out the beauty of domestic

virtues, fans the spark of patriotism into vivid flame and ridicules national vices. The *Polish theatre*, a collection of the best dramatic writings of 56 volumes, testifies to the talent, taste and judgment of their writers. They have their satiric, epigrammatic and elegiac writers. Nor is their pastoral poetry neglected, which is especially popular; for the taste for rural enjoyments is universal with them. In *Wallenrod* and *Chocim War* they have two epic poems of great merit. In the *Historical Songs* of Julian U. Niemcewicz (Niem-tsch-vich), the Polish literature possesses what no other has; there the minstrel sings in smooth numbers the history of his own country. These songs are set to no less sweet music, and are frequently heard chanted by the fair daughters of Poland. This poet, soldier and statesman, is considered their Walter Scott; and if there be another Scott the Poles may well claim to have him in Niemcewicz.

In Mickiewicz (Mits-kieh-vich) they have their Byron, with this difference that the Polish poet possesses the vehement fire of the Englishman, but consecrated by a purity which is his own. The Polish poetry abounds in ballads whose merit is their simplicity and sweetness of expression. They breathe either the sighs of a Sappho or an Adonis, or resound the glory of a Mars. The people are full of songs of great simplicity, and whose amorous and plaintive character bespeaks their docile nature.

It is commonly believed that the southern climes are most favorable to melody and poetical feelings. Everlasting verdure beneath, and continual serenity above, seem to conspire to unfold the whole soul of man. True as this is to a certain extent, yet there are some peculiarities in the temperate zone which render it equally genial to the cultivation of poetry. The continually exciting state of the outer world in the southern skies may exhaust the capacity of the soul for its enjoyments, or render them less acute by their familiarity, and thus produce a fickle, capricious character in man. But in temperate climes whose winter and summer succeed alternately, imagination in the presence of the former, paints the latter in such vivid colors, that when the season returns once more, the capacity of the soul for enjoying it is increased. The repetition of these enjoyments at intervals, leaves their impression more indelible, and thus imagination is made to burn

with a more steady and vivid flame even through the dreary reign of winter. Thus the love for melody and poetical feelings may be developed. At least the temperate climate of Poland has had such an effect on the inhabitants.

Besides the predilection which they show for the romantic in their real life, the great number of their poets entitles them to the appellation of a poetical people. In the dictionary of the Polish poets of Juszynski (Yoo-shin-skies) we find fourteen hundred of them; and yet the names of those who flourished during the reign of their last king Stanislas are not included. Of course it must not be expected that they are all of high merit. There must be many mere rhymesters; but making even this allowance, a respectable number of poets will be left.

The Poles, besides their original productions, have enriched their literature with translations of the Greek and Latin classics. And as the study of modern languages is not neglected by them, the beauties of foreign literature, as of the German, the French, the English, the Spanish and the Italian, are transplanted into their soil and admired by the people. The Polish language is a dialect of the Slavonian, which is, according to some, one of the original languages, consequently it does not resemble any of those of western Europe. In the termination of its nouns and verbs, it undergoes changes like the Latin, and these various inflections render it difficult. But this quality in a language renders its sense intelligible, though the words may be thrown, as it were pell mell, together; and enables the poet to study the harmony of his numbers much better.

The language has a great pliability and a great variety of sound, the latter of which enables the Poles to conquer the sounds of foreign tongues with greater facility than the inhabitants of most other countries. It admits of a change of the termination of a noun to express endearment or contempt, as is the case with the Spanish; an evidence of its pliability and congeniality with love. The Polish must be considered as a language of consonants rather than vowels, since in it the former prevail over the latter. Its words are long, consisting of many syllables, but they never have more words in one syllable, than the German admits. As for its melody, the natives might claim for it a higher degree, but an impartial judge would put it on a level with the

German or English, which certainly cannot be too high an estimate. We will not omit here to take notice of the peculiarity of Polish surnames, so generally remarked upon by foreigners; we refer to their termination in *ki*. It is, however, only equivalent to the *De* used by the French, the *Von* by the Germans, the *Van* by the Dutch, and the *of* by the English grandees; and a distinction which only nobility and gentry have a right to make use of. Thus we say the Marquis de Lafayette, Baron von Humboldt, the Duke of Cumberland. The surnames of the Polish nobility are principally, though not wholly, derived from the estates which the founder of a family became possessed of at the time of his being made noble. They are, indeed, adjectives made of the proper names of estates, and indicate the owners and proprietors. And as the nature of the Polish language makes such adjectives in *ki*, hence the termination of such names is in *ski* (*skie*), *cki* (*tskie*), or *zki* (*zkie*). For instance, if the name of the Prince Wisniowiecki (*Vie-sni-ov-yets-kie*) be accommodated to English idiom, it would be Prince of Wisniowiec (*Vis-ni-ov-yets*); Count Pulawski (*Poo-lav-skie*) would make Earl of Pulawy (*Poo-lah-vy*); Pan Zamoyski, (*Zah-moy-skie*) would be Lord of Zamosc (*Zah-most*); and so with other names of the same kind. Such surnames change their termination into *ka* to designate a woman, as the Princess Lubomirska (*Lov-bo-meer-skah*).

The Polish nobility may be said to be a democratic blossom on an aristocratic trunk; for this body within itself cherishes the purest democratic principles, although its political relation to the mass of their people is aristocratic. It is in fact what the Roman republic was—democracy embossed in aristocracy. Their titles descend equally to their children, both male and female; nor are their other children deprived of their share in the estate on account of the first-born son. Their democratic spirit is seen in the fact that they addressed their sovereign by the title of *king and brother*; for a Polish nobleman believes himself capable, by his birth, to wear his country's crown, should the voice of his brother nobles call him to that honor. Such being the organization of the Polish nobility, their estates may pass into other hands, while the name and title are perpetuated in the rightful heirs of the founder of a family, and as its numbers increase the name is

more frequently met with; thus the surnames terminating in *ski* or *cki* became prevailing among, and characteristic of, the Polish nobles. Sometimes, however, so terminating surnames are to be found among the lower orders (as sometimes servants take their lord's name); but then they are assumed only with the view of borrowing from them the lustre of gentility, which however never can impose upon natives that are nobles of right. It would be a mistake to believe that the names of all Polish noblemen have the above-mentioned termination; those that are not derived from estates but from some other circumstances, terminate variously.

The Poles, not content with their birth-right title of a gentleman, endeavor always to enhance it by their own merit; and to the outward graces and lofty feelings of a well-bred man, they are careful to add a familiarity with literature. Thus the Polish gentleman is never a total stranger to belles-lettres. Residing in the country on his estate as he generally does, he amuses himself with field-sports, and seeks the company of his books, or discharges the sacred duty of hospitality to his guests; and it is particularly in the latter capacity that his national character appears. With the taste for literature, he cherishes that also for the fine arts, and when his means allow he is glad to gratify it. But let us see him at home.

He keeps his house always open, and on his table are ever to be found a few covers for guests not expected. Here the wife shines like a gem, and all things reflect the light of her smiles. It is her lord's desire, and it becomes her pleasure to know how to direct her household affairs; the cooks and the waiters are her dutiful subjects. It would make Doctor *Sawdust* shudder to behold the variety of courses that the domestics are busy in changing, while their lord with his guests sit at the table; but if he should taste the generous wine, and should it chance to be *Tokay*, he would be forced to acknowledge the merits of the cook, and the taste and judgment of the mistress. While good cheer merrily circulates round the company, from yonder gallery a band of music pours melody into their ears; for the host, being an adept in the philosophy of living, knows that music only can scatter the turbulent passions and restore the mind to calmness so important on this occasion, and he keeps the band in his pay.

The dinner over, the company retire to spend the remainder of their time in some pleasant way; and this is easily accomplished when each guest endeavors to contribute something to the pleasure of the other, and when the host and hostess enliven every scene with their smiles. Polished ease, freedom and courtesy in both sexes, cement all into harmonious union; each pleases, and each in turn is pleased. If the company consist of titled and untitled individuals, it is no less pleasant, for here they meet on the ground of being gentlemen bred—the all-important distinction. Besides, other titles have no importance among them, when they have that of a Polish gentleman; and being received by the same host, they are made acquainted with each other without the ceremony of an introduction. Acquaintances thus commenced, are always acknowledged by the well-bred.

While thus there is nothing to disturb the enjoyments of the company, time glides on imperceptibly. Evening comes and brings new pleasures. The music fills the festive hall with enchanting melody, and youthful hearts begin to throb in expectation of the coming dance. First comes the host leading some lady guest into the room, followed by a gallant knight with the hostess. Each finds a partner to his taste, and all, young and old, stand ready. The hall resounds with the *polonaise*, and the host leads the van of the array of couples. Though he may be threescore and ten, yet his elastic step, obedient to the eloquent violin—his lordly, graceful bearing, as he leads the merry ranks in the serpentine course through the hall, remind him that his blood still flows freely. Thus again and again they wind their way upon the wax-polished floor at the caprice of the music, that as rapidly plunges them into a sweet revery, and as quickly brings them out upon the waves of buoyant joy.

The *polonaise* is a national Polish dance with which evening amusements are opened. The old even join in it, as if to countenance the merriment of the young. It is a sort of dignified promenade to a very sweet music, an inadequate imitation of which one finds in what foreign musicians please to call the *polacca*.

After the *polonaise* more lively dances succeed, and the old are seated to behold the graces of their sons and daughters. Now four couples have the floor to give

expression to their favorite music of the *mazurka*. All fresh and joyous, clapping each other's hands, with a gliding step and waving graceful motion, they float, as it were, to and fro on the billows of the boisterous melody.

The *mazurka*, or more properly *mazurek*, is another of their national dances; it consists in moderately quick and even steps taken in an oblong space. The music of the *mazurka* has something boisterous and martial in its character, and it is *sui generis*. The movements are gentle and exceedingly graceful, and display the good proportions of the dancers.

As they dance, and the social glass circulates, the joy increases; and the youth vie with each other to carry off the palm in the *Cracovian* dance or *krakowiak* (*krah-kov-yak*). This dance, lively though dignified, is expressive of joy, and very fascinating to witness. In its movements, one would easily imagine joy dancing with love.

But in these raptures of pleasure, as if not satisfied with their own, they resort to some foreign dances, as the waltz, English country dance, or some other. At intervals, to rest the dancers, the band plays some national air, to which they cannot listen without emotion, since their music embodies both thought and feeling. Thus they feel and think, and laugh and make merry, till unwelcome midnight comes to separate them from the intoxicating bowl of joy.

Time has dropped its dark curtain on these joyous scenes, and so must we drop ours. Where joy, surrounded by its innocent progeny, once was enthroned, grim sorrow, with disheveled hair, suffused cheek, and eye red with tears, now reigns; and the owl, bird of gloom and night, chants in the lofty halls its doleful dirge to the departed spirits. But as from the womb of night the light of day issues; as from the depth of despair a ray of hope ever glimmers; so from this all-engulfing desolation the hopes of Poland shall blaze forth. The ashes that cover the face of Poland have not lost their vitality, nor ever will; they are, and they will be, warm enough to give birth to the Phœnix which, flapping its mighty wings, will blast her enemies. No, the indomitable spirit of their forefathers is not extinct, it is only subdued for a while; it burns in the oppressed breast of every Pole; it gathers its latent strength quietly, only to hurl, sooner or later, with more certainty the fiendish despots to utter perdition. Then the sun of liberty shall rise to the benighted race of man, and all people will see themselves brothers.

NOTE.—The recent events in Poland give us an opportunity to say a few words more on the Polish cause; we promise, therefore, our readers in our next number, a supplementary chapter on "Brighter days for Poland."

BRIGHTER DAYS FOR POLAND.

A SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER TO THE "THREE CHAPTERS ON THE HISTORY OF POLAND."*

THE present Polish insurrection gives us an opportunity to say a few words more on the affairs of Poland. We gladly embrace it, for we hope to be able to show that her moral force has increased in spite of the trials she has been enduring, and that the day of her deliverance is approaching. We hope, at the same time, to make the calumnies cast upon her recoil upon the heads of her enemies.

To view the Polish question in a proper light, it is necessary to look upon it in connection with the affairs of the civilized world in general, and those of the Slavic race in particular; for it is no longer a mere question of an independent existence of a territory, but it is a question in which the interests of mankind are involved. Shall a people consisting of more than twenty-four millions, whose history is full of noble monuments, and whose language boasts of a literature inspiring the most ardent feelings of patriotism, perish forever? Is the Slavic race, amounting to more than one-third of the population of Europe, doomed to eternal oppression? Are the people of Europe always to suffer the soul-crushing incubus of feudal institutions? Is the will of a few crowned despots to preside over the destinies of the world forever? Are the blessings of life-and-freedom-giving Christianity to be always dispensed by a time-serving priesthood? Has not Christ sown the seed of equality and brotherly love among men, whose each succeeding harvest is to be more abundant? Are men eternally doomed to hatred of one another, and to both political and spiritual bondage? Has it been decreed in the councils of God that lies and wickedness should forever have a mastery over truth and righteousness in this world? These are the questions to which every reflecting person, who has at all thought upon the past, will answer with a most emphatic denial. In each and in all of these

questions the freedom and independence of Poland is comprised.

Kings and their satellites perceived, early enough, that the times were pregnant with Freedom, and they prepared themselves to strangle the Goddess in her cradle. Notwithstanding their great efforts, great expenditures of money and blood to that effect, Providence removed the child into the wilderness, beyond the sea, far from the reach of the hands that were intent upon smothering its life; apparently abandoned to savagery, tempests and uncultivated nature, it was left to grow strong in mind and body.

The first decisive victory that freedom gained over despotism was the achievement of the American Independence. It was in vain that England struggled for eight years with her colonies, pouring out her treasure to the amount of a hundred and thirty-six millions of pounds sterling, and sacrificing, to the lust of power, the lives of her two hundred thousand sons. Now, for the first time in history, liberty has gained a firm platform from which it can unmolested speak to the down-trodden masses. Freedom feels already her strength and security of footing. While she addresses words of consolation and hope to the people her voice enters with terror into the souls of all supporters of tyranny. It has become a fixed fact, no longer admitting of any doubt, that America is the nursery of liberty. Her detractors may say what they will; she is, beyond any other country, the hope of mankind. It is true that she is but beginning to feel her destiny somewhat in the manner of a man who is just awakening from sleep; but she will in due time come to her consciousness, and discharge the great duties that Providence has imposed upon her. If she do not know yet, she will soon know, that the boon of freedom she enjoys was not granted her for her sole

* In the last No. on p. 45, 4th line from the bottom of 2d col., read *Pientka* for *Piernka*; p. 50, 1st col., 5th line from the bottom, read *have more consonants* for *have more words*.

benefit, for her especial aggrandizement and pride, but that it was given her in trust to be accounted for as the patrimony of the race.

The only distinction that England derived from the war with the Confederate States was, the ignominy of having fought against liberty. The spirit of freedom spreading, she had again to do the dirty work of despotism on the soil of France. Her old resources being not sufficient for this new combat, she had recourse, as history bears witness, to the tricks of falsehood. She persuaded her people and the unthinking world at large, that she fought in the name of religion and humanity, nay, of liberty herself! The devil, to entice the mortal, often puts on the aspect of a saint. England knows the value of the apparel: it has served her well on more than one occasion. The real cause, however, that led her to this new struggle was the fear for rotten aristocratic institutions, and the income of her money-gathering manufacturers. To cap the climax, she, about the same time, shed tears over the fate of free Poland! For twenty-one successive years England under these pretences carried on war against France, at the expense of the lives of seven hundred thousand Britons, and of one billion, six hundred and twenty-three millions of pounds sterling, from her treasury. Other crowned heads of Europe, from similar motives, have joined her in this conflict, making use of the same false pretences, and taking advantage of the unchristian, national antipathies which kings have been abetting for many ages. Even poor Germany was made to believe that she was fighting for her national honor and liberty! But times have changed since! Is there an honest, generous-hearted Englishman or German who does not now regret that his ancestors should have been so grossly deceived as to aid the tyrants to rivet chains upon humanity? Poland, Republican France and Napoleon have been buried; and monarchs congratulated themselves upon the event, for they believed that Liberty was sleeping an eternal sleep in the same grave.

The cunning are more foolish than either they believe themselves, or others take them to be. Short-sighted that they were! The spirit of freedom does not die; it is a contagion of the soul for which no monarch ever will be able to devise a quarantine or a grave. The

subjects of those that were brought to assail freedom spread the contagion the wider, even in despite of themselves. The world has seen evidence enough of this fact. That exclusive feeling of nationality which made one man look upon another as a foe because he chanced to be born in another clime and speak another language, and which was chiefly fanned by kings, and made use of for evil purposes, is fast dying away, and the good of all countries are ashamed of it. Men begin to feel that the well-being of one nation righteously pursued, enhances the happiness of another; so that despotic rulers are beginning to experience greater difficulty in enlisting one people against another, than in former days. They who have spilt human blood enough to crimson all the waters of this globe in carrying out the schemes of their selfish, personal aggrandizement, or in oppressing the people, at last find themselves obliged to entice and to conciliate by various stratagems the very multitude they once were wont to despise. Even the French Revolution, that scene of almost unmitigated horrors, is now considered by all philosophic thinkers as only the terrible and natural reaction of as terrible though more silent tyranny, and it is only the minions of power that do not join the good Robert Hall and the great Carlyle, in blessing it for having secured a signal triumph to humanity.

Since that time, kings have never rested on beds of roses; their victories, instead of rendering them more secure, have only alarmed them the more. After a struggle of four hundred years the Greeks finally succeeded in establishing their independence; but king-craft, whose pretensions have become greatly abated, had yet power enough to spoil this work of Providence, and to force upon Greece the modern invention called a constitutional king. Bad as it was, yet something was gained; much was conceded to the growing spirit of freedom.

When despotic rulers were congratulating themselves upon the general pacification of Europe, Spain—ignorant and priest-ridden Spain—arose, spoke for her rights, and held forth a second time to the people her Constitution of 1812. Ever since, she has been the victim of the intrigues of the Holy Alliance, the Constitutional Kings, and the Pope; for she offended them all without ceremony. She is even now suffering much at their hands, struggling, perhaps, at more grievous dis-

advantage than any other nation in Europe. Ignorance, folly and faction have made sad work with her; we cannot tell if her star be still rising, but we have hopes of her destiny. This Spanish Constitution, this bill of rights of Spaniards, shows in a very remarkable manner the advances that had been made by public opinion in Europe since the last century.

Portugal, following in the track of Spain, was also agitated, crying for light and freedom; but as she did not entirely know what she wanted, her tutors easily satisfied her with semblances, for this while at least; and after the exile or imprisonment of thousands of her better children, the *good old order* was restored, not however without an occasional outbreak.

The world thought that Italy was dead; but in 1820 she gave signs of returning life; and, notwithstanding the efforts of Austrian care, the patriarchal love of the Pope, and the pleasant attendance of an imperial executioner and Jesuit confessor, the convulsed and shrunken limbs may yet be endued with the full vigor and beauty of womanhood.

Thus the spirit of Freedom was quietly progressing on all sides. But the most remarkable phenomenon of its power yet seen was the French Revolution of the Three Days of July. The people having learned their own strength for the first time, were no longer, as in former days, obliged to resort to a savage carnage; by their mighty word of command the inglorious creature, Charles X., left the soil of France. From this precedent, other nations might learn an important lesson. There is always strength enough in every nation to expel its tyrant, if only the people be made conscious of it. Unanimity and energetic attitude in a nation rising at one instant in all its majesty, with the single emphatic *MEGONE!* on its lips, would drive out every tyrant. Then there could not be much occasion for bloodshed. Tyrants are only strong because the people are foolish and disunited. Let there be harmony and a wise feeling of united interests among the people, and the tyrant's arm is completely paralyzed.

The confidence the French showed in themselves on the outset of this revolution, unfortunately abandoned them, instead of strengthening daily. As a natural consequence, they faltered, and raised to the throne a man of energy and capacities enough, but doubtful and double-

faced, the *Citizen-King*, by way of compromise between the old and new ideas. It was a step forward, yet a very insignificant one, for so momentous an opportunity. This freak of fancy, *citizen*, daubed on the royal visage, was quite an innovation upon the old usage, and a homage to the spirit of freedom, quite displeasing to the old crowned heads around him; the grimaces they made is an amusing page in the history of the era.

But, as might have been foreseen, the *Citizen-King*, in due time, began to rub off from his royal visage the plebeian plaster, and the *entente cordiale* between him and the *legitimates* is daily on the increase. The next move the French make—and they will inevitably make one—will be wiser. Taught by experience, they will be more on their guard against deception. It is strange, that after so many ages of experience, men yet should trust to the promised liberal action of hands accustomed to the sceptre.

The power of the spirit of freedom is sometimes miraculous; at least it seems so to us in the case of Belgium. A nation that never before had an independent political existence, threw off the Dutch yoke, erected a constitutional throne, according to fashion, and called to it a man who is less dangerous to the liberties of the people than the "*Citizen-King*."

The spirit of freedom did not stop here. On the banks of the Vistula a mighty voice arose, calling on the people in the name of God and country; and the clang of arms followed. It was a glorious effort of the Poles, rich in results to future generations, although the policy of regal power was again successful in thwarting it for the time being. The Polish Revolution of 1830 makes a new period in the progress of freedom. It gave it a new impulse, that was felt throughout the civilized world; and while it drew European nations nearer towards each other, it caused their rulers to enter into more close alliance with one another, that they might together resist the next popular shock that is preparing for them. The greater the resistance, the better; for the greater and more complete will be the downfall of the old *régime*!

In due time we will recur to the Polish Revolution again; but at present we will only notice that a restless spirit manifested itself from one extremity of Europe to the other. Even the drowsy Turk began to open his eyes, and suggest to himself the possible need of reform. Unfor-

tunately for him he got a drill-sergeant for a schoolmaster—yet even this state is better than a stand-still attitude; for there is no greater curse that a nation or an individual can suffer under, than apathy of thought. While these events were taking place on Continental Europe, England was also undergoing the remodeling influence of the times. Among the greatest events that ever happened in her political life, must be placed the passage of the Catholic Emancipation Bill, and that of the Reform Bill. These two measures were pregnant with important meaning, not only for Great Britain but for the whole civilized world, since they were a political weatherglass of Europe. Thus forcibly pushed forward, England cannot arrest her onward career; she must go on from reform to reform: her Chartism, the Free-kirk movement of Scotland, the Irish Repeal Association, and this Anti-Corn-Law-League, are but legitimate concomitants and consequences of the first impulse and signs of the ever progressive nature of freedom. Through these signs, the voice of humanity, of justice, of equality and freedom, speaks in thundering accents to the abettors of abuse and oppression.

Thus the spirit of liberty goes on from one conquest to another, trampling under foot the corrupt institutions of the feudal ages; and its strength never yet was so accumulated and threatening as it is at the present moment. The infamous means by which crowned heads succeeded in ruining the late Polish Revolution, have not proved very efficient in allaying their apprehensions. The Poles, obliged to flee their country, brought to Western Europe the torch of liberty, lighted at their own firesides; and in their passage, every spirited and generous people came forward to ignite their own long prepared materials at the fire that was consecrated by the patriotic blood of a nation. The fire was kindled, and Europe now lies

on a volcano that may burst at the hour least expected. The premonitory signs have already appeared.

Since the time of the blessed Apostles, there have been but few true teachers of the doctrines of the lowly Jesus for the poor and oppressed of this earth; and none like that earnest follower of the Nazarene, the Abbé de la Mennais: himself a priest, he has exposed the holowness of his order by showing how wide are their teachings from the teachings of Christ. He has drawn upon his head the curses of Potentates; the Pope has excommunicated him; but he cares little for these when his conscience and his God approve, and when the oppressed, the honest and intelligent, bless him. His teachings have brought back to Christianity many of those who once saw in it but an imposition on humanity for the benefit of royalty and the priesthood.

Michelet and Quinet are other instruments in the hands of Providence to advance the condition of the human mind. For a long time, the Jesuits were working covertly to sap the foundations of liberty, and latterly they have believed themselves rapidly advancing their scheme, when Michelet and Quinet tore away the mask and revealed their true aspect to the eyes of France. The efforts of the king and bishops who supported them, availed them but little; the French public branded them as culprits, enemies to the domestic, social and political happiness of mankind; and the enlightened world concurred in the verdict. And as if to remove all shadow of doubt from the mind of the public about the correctness of its judgment, the Rev. Father Gioberti, an eye-witness of priestly iniquity, and who was persecuted, exiled, and excommunicated for having dared to be an honest man, came forward with his revelations and put the last seal to the ignominy of the Society of Jesus.* The energy of free principles

* The following remarkable and prophetic words were uttered by George de Bronsvel, Archbishop of Dublin, in 1553, respecting the order of the Jesuits; the partial fulfillment of the prelate's prophecy in our time, will be our apology for introducing it here. "There is a fraternity which has lately sprung up, under the name of Jesuits, which will seduce many, the members of which living, for the most part, like the Scribes and Pharisees, will attempt the abolition of all truth. They will succeed; for these people assume a variety of shapes: with Pagans they will be Pagans; with Atheists, Atheists; with Jews they will be Jews; with Reformers, Reformers;—and all this, for the purpose of learning your intentions, designs, hearts and inclinations; and so making you like the fool who said in his heart, there is no God. These people are spread over the whole earth; they will be admitted into the counsels of princes, who, however, will not be therefore the more wise; such influence will they gain over them, that unconsciously, their hearts and most hidden secrets will be revealed. This will happen, because they have abandoned the law of God and his Gospel, by

begins to work still deeper and deeper in the bosoms of men. In an obscure village of the ancient dominion of Poland, there was a poor honest minister of the gospel, troubled for a long time with doubts about the faith that inconsiderate youth led him to embrace. After a protracted struggle, Czerski (Chersky), with a spirit fully revolutionized, began to proclaim a spiritual war against the mummies and falsehoods of Catholic Rome. John Ronge was called from the heart of Silesia to the same great work. These two apostles of sincere and enlightened piety and the true doctrine of life, are paving the way for a new order of things.

Omitting its minor oscillations, we have pointed out only the grand movements of the spirit of freedom to show that so many events, so much bloodshed through so many years, could alone bring us to the point where the Christian world now stands. Since the battle of Bunker hill, every nation in the civilized world has more or less been agitated by this unslumbering spirit; and however little unsuccessful their individual efforts have been, still the cause of freedom, the interests of humanity, have decidedly gained ground. The divine impulses of liberty are like the swelling of the sea;—beginning first with a gentle ripple, the movement soon rises into a wave; a mighty billow soon follows, carrying irresistibly before it the piers and bastions that defend, to sea-ward, the “towered Castles of Tyranny.” Commencing with the achievement of the American Independence, every succeeding war partook more and more of the character of a struggle between the two antagonist principles—despotism and freedom—even when the combatants did not avow it. Notwithstanding, at times, apparent disadvantages, the strength of free principles rose after each successive struggle, with a new vigor; and the masses of the civilized world now sit in sullen silence, brooding over the last great conflict that sooner or later must come. That the time is near at hand, can be inferred from several important facts now transpiring.

The great fact to be first considered is the power now belonging to the opinion of the masses. A nation demands quietly of its ruler, whose power is absolute,

a constitution which should circumscribe his will, and secure the rights of the people. The King of Prussia does not refuse the demand flatly; he hesitates, he cajoles his subjects, he temporizes; but if he have any sagacity or foresight he must feel that the sooner he complies with their wishes the better for him. Even the Autocrat of the North thinks it is worth his while to calm the indignant feeling he has aroused throughout the civilized world by his savage outrages committed upon innocent Polish nuns. He sends to the courts of Europe his official denial of those barbarous persecutions, not because he cares for the opinion of the crowned heads, but through them and their organs, he expects to soothe the just indignation of public opinion, which might even react upon his own degraded subjects. But to believe the denials of him, whose government is mendacious to a proverb, against the averments of those nuns of spotless life, who bear marks of insult and outrage on their very persons, would be as impartial and just as to take the testimony of a notorious criminal in evidence of his own innocence.

Metternich, an inveterate malefactor, who has wrung blood from the pores of many innocent and great men at Spielberg, as unhappy Italy can testify, sent his diplomatic notes to different courts, charging the abuses of the Polish nobility as the causes of the horrible scenes of *Jacquerie* that took place in the pending insurrection of Galicia, to shelter his government and himself from the brand of infamy which the European world cast upon him. But the civilized world knows, whatever diplomatists may say to the contrary, that he himself was the instigator of those atrocious butcheries, without regard to age or sex, as a means to counteract and thwart the rising of the people. Such plans of atrocities, such stratagems, can only be concocted at the seat of Jesuitism, where once before, not only an absolution for the crime was granted, but an encouragement given by a Jesuit father confessor to Maria Theresa, joining the despoilers of Poland. Thus these infamous personages pay an involuntary homage to the advancing majesty of the opinion of the people.

their neglect of them and their connivance at the sins of princes: nevertheless, God, in the end, for the vindication of His laws, will promptly destroy that society, even by the hands of those who have most supported it and made use of it, so that in the end it will become odious to all nations. They will be in a worse condition than the Jews, they will have no fixed place on the earth, and a Jew will be more favored than a Jesuit.”

Another fact of great importance, in connection with the advance of the spirit of liberty, is to be noticed in the growth of the feeling of nationality among civilized nations—a nationality that is Christian, rejoicing in the happiness of other nations, and limiting itself to the natural boundaries of territory and affinities of language and habits of a people, and which, only commanding respect for itself, never can be used by despots as a means of personal ambition, of conquest and oppression. Germany is a striking instance in point; her rulers could not dupe her as they once did. This feeling has been growing stronger of late years, even among the Slavic branches, which once were thought to have been completely Germanized; the Bohemians, for instance, begin to recall the past glory of their national existence and literature.

The Poles never have allowed their national feeling to lay dormant even in their greatest trials; they never will, happen what may to their native land. The Hungarians are also assiduously cultivating their vernacular tongue, and studying their history, much to the apprehension of the Austrian Emperor.

This feeling of nationality incites nations to an honorable rivalry, and teaches them to esteem one another, while it is also promoting amicable relations which daily force upon their minds, that they are children of one Father above, and that it is the business of kings and the devil alone to keep them asunder. This kind of nationality is destined to be, at no distant period, the lever of mighty events, when the geographical boundaries of nations shall take a more natural form than what has pleased the arrogance of crowned heads to mark out.

Having thus led our reader over the path of advancing Freedom, we have now brought him to the point from which he can take a better view of the Slavic race whose myriads cover the territory stretching from the shores of the Adriatic to the Ural Mountains, and from the Caspian and Black seas to the Baltic; and comprising the ancient little republic of Ragusa, Dalmatia, Carniola, Croatia, Carinthia, Styria, Slavonia, Bosnia, Servia, Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, Poland in its ancient limits, and European Russia.

It is somewhat remarkable that a race, so numerous as the Slavonic, should be enslaved to the degree it is; and yet, reflecting upon its character, abundant and extenuating causes appear for the fact.

That it has not been so always, the annals of Servia, Bohemia, the Republic of the Great-Nowogrod, of Ragusa and Poland testify. To a great extent the virtues of the Slavonians contributed to their ruin; they are, as a race, frank and hospitable to a degree not surpassed by other civilized nations, and thus they often harbored in their midst cunning enemies as friends; their love of rural and quiet life indisposes them to commercial and maritime pursuits, and thus they have allowed themselves to be deprived, by more adventurous and less scrupulous intruders, of the advantages which the mastery of a sea-coast can confer upon a nation; the decidedly democratic tendencies of their social organization, notwithstanding occasional unimportant exceptions, prevented among them the rise of a few and powerful families, whose ambition could sway the people, and lay a foundation of future empires, as was the case with the Germans, whose brood possesses almost all the thrones of the civilized world. The perseverance in undertakings with which they are blessed, may in time compensate them for the disadvantages resulting from the above virtues; and trusting to their courage, which has never abandoned them, they may yet reconquer their rights.

Another reason that may also be assigned for their present political condition, is in the fact that the Reformation was propagated in an unknown tongue to the mass of the Slavonians, and the language of their enemies; and thus, the benefits that resulted from that religious movement to other nations, were withheld from them in a great measure. Their own, and the first reformer, John Huss, unfortunately came in a time when man's spiritual benefactors were burned alive, and the seed of reform he planted was blasted before it became a vigorous shoot.

The nations to whose fortunes the destinies of the Slavic race are more or less chained, are Russia, Bohemia, Servia and Poland. There can be little good expected for the Slavonians from Russia; for she is aiming at a universal submission of that race to her sceptre only to oppress them. The mass in Russia, plunged in abject servitude and gross ignorance, and under the control of an ignorant and vicious hierarchy, whose head is the Emperor, cannot contribute much to the development of free insti-

tutions: in fact, the administration of the country being conducted on the plan of a military camp, it cannot but crush all moral and intellectual capacities of the people. Russian civilization, by way of distinction, may be called a *military civilization* with Asiatic pomp, possessing all the vices of Western Europe, with scarcely any of its redeeming qualities. The emperor and the serf are the two opposite extremes, separated by fourteen classes of military rank, (every station in life being reduced to a military value,) each bearing upon the other with more or less weight; and, of course, he at the bottom of the scale suffers the most. In a society thus organized, subordination and implicit obedience to superiors become cardinal virtues, whose tendencies are not at all favorable to manly independence. Under such a state of circumstances, the only source of a change for the better for the people, is to be looked for in the officers of the army not of too exalted a rank; and it is precisely among these that the noble Col. Pestel has sown the seeds of freedom which sooner or later must come up, and save the nation. Without this change Russia is but an evil genius, as well of the Slavonians as of the whole human race, that cannot be crushed too soon.

Out of more than fifteen millions of Slavonians that are under the sway of Austria, Bohemia, whose language is spoken by more than five millions, and written by as many more, is exerting a powerful influence upon the destinies of her Slavic neighbors. Although her glory has departed since the bloody battle of Prague, of 1620, when the savage Ferdinand II., of Austria, with his crew of Jesuits, took possession of the Bohemian throne and altar, and when the noblest of her sons that were not butchered had to flee for safety; yet it left a monument in the hearts of the people that withstood the ravages of those tempestuous days—her language has survived, saving some fragments of its once noble literature from the flames of the sixty thousand manuscripts kindled by the ruthless hands of the Society of Jesus.

The Bohemians are spirited and industrious people far advanced in the arts of peace. Since the year 1826, their national spirit showed itself in a greater attention to the culture of their own language, and which attention has been constantly increasing: thus their past glories are brought back to their memo-

ries, and the desire for freedom and independence is waxing strong; and sooner or later they will be able to shake off the incubus of the Austrian Catholicism and bondage that are now weighing them down.

The present condition of Servia is another guaranty of the future prospects of the Slavic family. Her geographical position, with her political institutions, will enable her to maintain the independence she gained in 1842, after the struggle of thirty-eight years. She has baffled Russian intrigues, and freed herself from the Turkish power; and now she is enjoying democratic institutions that know but one class—the people, and a Prince—the ruler, whose grandfather was but a common peasant. Possessing a rich soil, enclosed by mountains and a river, and an unembarrassed treasury, the Servians, full of energy and courage, although falling a little short of a million of souls, can muster a hundred thousand effective militia that could cope successfully with an enemy twice as strong. The blessings of education are extended to the whole mass of the people, who to a man are fired with patriotic enthusiasm for the progress of the country; to forward which, one of the most effective means—the culture of their language—is not neglected.

Under so favorable circumstances, Servia cannot fail to exert a powerful and beneficial influence upon the interests of the Slavonians in general, and especially upon the five millions of those who speak her language. As she is the most fortunate of the Slavic nations, she will be a focus from which the beneficent light of liberty and equality will be shed upon the political horizon of the Slavonian race. All these political convulsions, at which we have but glanced, were so many centres from which a powerful moral influence sprang, and mingling in daily life, in spite of watchful despots, has changed men's views in religion, law or politics; and hence the present power of public opinion, to which even tyrants are compelled to yield. As a striking instance of its advance and its irresistible power in matters of religion, we may notice the fact that, at this moment, many priests of the Church of Rome are vigorously advocating the marriage of the Catholic clergy—an evidence that good influences have even reached the heart of this edifice of corruption. Another instance of the irresistible power of public opinion has been witnessed in matters of law.

Austria, after subduing Italy, gave her a code of laws, which is still in force in her own provinces, and by virtue of which a barbarous distinction of classes was introduced, subjecting the peasantry to corporeal punishment. Not a word was uttered, but the Italian public received this Austrian *boon* in such a sullenness that the imperial government had to abrogate the laws before three months were over. And now, in consequence of better laws, a simple *Syndic* can arrest a prince or a priest as well as a peasant, without regard to their rank.

Such are the triumphs and power of public opinion, and of the spirit of freedom that animates and directs it in our times.

By thus showing the causes and their effects now in action *out of* Poland, we have prepared our readers to enter upon the consideration of the future prospects of the Polish cause, and of the elements of its success within the Polish nation itself.

The powers that have partitioned Poland, represent her to the world through their paid organs, as demoralized and unfit to govern herself, while they are using all means to effect her demoralization. Religion, education, and degrading laws, have been made use of to accomplish their infernal purposes. But notwithstanding the influences of some corrupt priests, inefficient or perverted education, and the premium upon vices—as the system of espionage testifies—the Polish nation has virtue enough to see the condition into which her enemies are plunging her, and to desire its amelioration. It is prohibited to preach temperance to the Polish peasantry, that intemperance and its concomitants should not be arrested. If a wealthy Pole is a spendthrift and dissipated, the government offers him means in order to rid him the sooner of his estate and character. It passes oppressive laws for the peasantry, and makes the nobles their executors, to engender ill-feeling between the two orders, and to lay the whole odium of such laws upon the shoulders of the nobility; it favors complaints against them, representing itself as always ready to do justice to the complaining peasant!

In spite of these villanous means, those governments are far from attaining their object. Intelligence and virtue are indigenous to the Polish soil, and cannot be entirely extirpated. The Poles are

represented by their enemies as averse to improvement, and that their nobility are arrogant and oppressive to their peasantry, or *serfs*, as they would have it. But to see the utter falsehood of these assertions, it is only necessary to recur to history. The Polish nobility are not a feudal order of men, as is the case elsewhere; and the Polish peasant is not a serf. The Polish nobles sprung from the midst of their people; they won their titles on the field of battle, in defence of their country, or at the seats of learning, and thus their feelings have never been alienated from the people. As early as the commencement of the 14th century, the serfs that were taken as prisoners of war were freed. The relation of the Polish peasant to the lord is the same as that of a tenant in England or in the Western States of this country, to the owner of the soil; he pays for the use of the land he cultivates, either in labor, produce, or money. The Poles have always shown themselves ready to improve the condition of their country in every respect; but their enemies would never allow them so to do. And yet, notwithstanding such obstacles, the Polish mind not only has kept pace with the times, but also contributed not a little to advance them.

The Constitution of the 3d of May, 1791, is an evidence that the Poles have recognized their past errors, and wished to remedy the evils, but they were interfered with and prevented. It was the most liberal constitution then known in Europe, and received the hearty approval of the best and wisest men of the age. Whatever defects it may have when viewed from this distant period, it will nevertheless be acknowledged that its crowning glory is the clause authorizing its revision every twenty-five years. Considering the duration of human life, there is, every quarter of a century, an equilibrium of moral powers between the generation coming on, and that passing off, the stage; conservatism balancing the spirit of progress; hence the wisdom of the proviso. At this time the constitution would have been twice revised, and thus suited to the experience, wants and demands of the progressing age. The framers of that instrument deserve great credit for having exhibited a higher degree of foresight than is common in legislators; for in their time the modern progress was not so discernible as it is now; it had not then the impetus which it since has acquired. The efficient measures that

were taken for the spread of education among the mass of the Polish people, together with the guaranty of rights to every Pole, which this constitution contemplated, would have made Poland one of the first countries in Europe. Surrounded by difficulties which their enemies were continually raising, the Poles never slackened their efforts to devise means to keep up their nationality, their literature, and the spirit of improvement; and they have been so eminently successful that they in consequence drew upon themselves greater persecutions from their oppressors.

As an instance of liberality and enlightened policy on the part of the Poles, we must mention the fact that in 1818, the Lithuanian nobles asked the Emperor Alexander to give perfect freedom to their peasantry, stating that they were *willing* to waive their own prerogatives. They received a delusive hope for an answer from this Emperor. And when the same request was repeated by the Polish nobility at the Congress of Laybach, they were plainly refused, and forbidden to mention the subject again. Facts like these are sufficient proofs of the progress the Poles have made; and yet their enemies would persuade the world that they do not deserve freedom! Is there a country whose nobility *are or ever have been willing* to divest themselves of their prerogatives in favor of the lower orders of society? Why should then the Poles be judged by a more elevated standard of morality than other nations in their minor faults, when not only they are not in this respect inferior to others, but they set an example of such lofty virtues?

Previous to the revolutions that took place in Europe, in 1830, the confidence in purely democratic institutions was not established in the convictions of many of the most liberal minds, and the talent displayed by the writers upon the constitutional monarchical form of government, contributed much to the mistrust. The best of men hesitated to trust themselves to the rule of democracy, (as was evinced in the French Revolution of the Three Days,) believing that a Constitutional Monarchy would prepare the mass of the people by degrees for a more enlarged freedom. Plausible as the argument may seem, it is futile, nevertheless; sad experience has taught us that much. To expect that a king willingly will take measures to prepare a nation for self-government is preposterous: the best of kings will be but

a *Citizen-King*—a deceiver. Power is the god of kings, and double-dealing and treachery, under the name of expediency, their religion; honest and simple-hearted people, therefore, should not trust them. Civilized nations have already reached the period when they should be left to go alone, without such tutors. People must be trusted with power before they can learn to use it.

Europe was in this state of hesitation and mistrust of popular institutions at the time of the Polish Revolution of 1830, which, in consequence, partook of the same undecided character. Although during that Revolution there were partisans of a constitutional monarchy, and of a pure democracy, yet the subject of a form of government did not much occupy the attention of the Poles; because their first and all-important aim was to secure the independence of the country, after the accomplishment of which they would have had more leisure to decide upon the form of a permanent government to be adopted. The unfortunate termination of that Revolution prevented the discussion of the question by the people in their political capacity; but, as individuals, the Poles in silence have reflected upon the subject, and have expressed their opinion in the pending insurrection.

The Poles, to the number of at least fifteen thousand, who, in consequence of the Revolution of 1830, found themselves under the necessity of seeking an asylum in foreign countries, have become abroad the organ of their oppressed countrymen at home, and they have taken up the question of the form of government, agitating it all the while, and not without success. The Polish exiles, among whom there are some of the first names of their land, and whose centre of action is France, divided themselves upon the question of the form of government into two parties: one being in favor of a limited monarchy, and the other of a pure democracy; hence they go by the name of Aristocrats and Democrats. It is not to be inferred that one party has more patriotism than the other, because they do not agree on this question; they differ, because some of them believe that only a limited monarchy can save their country, while others see her salvation only in pure democracy. It is very natural, that among such a number of men, there should be found some who are timid, pusillanimous, sticklers to precedents and traditions, and they, though honest, would favor monarchical power in

some form; they would be Aristocrats. Those, however, who are bold and frank, hating the tortuous ways of sceptred rulers, would, naturally enough, rather trust the good sense, however inexperienced, of the mass of the people, and be Democrats.

The Polish exiles, agreeing in their aim—the restoration of Poland—have been using all the means they could command for the purpose; and thus the interest of the Polish cause, as well as that of freedom in general, was watched over and promoted: their voice was heard by civilized nations and responded to, although the organs of despots never ceased to abuse, misrepresent and endeavor to overpower them. By their reprints of valuable books of their language, they essayed to make up, in a measure, for the loss the Polish literature has suffered at the hands of the Northern autocrat; by their writings in foreign tongues, they aimed at an exposition of the history of their country to other nations; by their political discussions among themselves, they tried to solve the difficult problem of the future of Poland. Thus they have been toiling in the midst of the persecutions of power, lukewarmness of friends, and of hardships incident to the life of an exile, full of hope that time will crown their efforts with success. They have not been entirely mistaken; the pending Polish insurrection is the best commentary upon the success of their labors. Whatever may be the issue of the present insurrection, it has determined one point, viz., that the Polish nation has made immense strides in advance, and *will not, and cannot fall back*; that she feels the power of her own arm, and the courage of her heart to defy, at once, all her despoilers. *With a conviction of the justice of her cause in her breast, confidence in her own arm, and immovable resolution to run all hazards and sacrifices without flinching, she will sooner or later gain her independence.*

The character of this Polish insurrection is seen from the Manifesto of the Provisional Government, a translation of which from the original we here subjoin, as a satisfactory proof of the progress of the Poles, and a sure guaranty of their ultimate success.

MANIFESTO OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT OF THE POLISH COMMONWEALTH, TO THE POLISH NATION.

“Poles, the hour of insurrection has struck. The whole of mutilated Poland is

rising and growing great. Already our brothers of the Grand Duchy of Posen, of Russian Poland and Lithuania have risen, and are fighting against the enemy. They are fighting for their sacred rights taken from them by force and fraud. You know what has passed and is continually passing. The flower of our youth are languishing in dungeons. Our aged sires, whose counsels sustained us, are treated with contempt. Our clergy are deprived of all respect; in a word, all who have thirsted by act, or even in thought, to live or die for Poland, have been destroyed, or immured in prison, or are in danger of being so at every moment. The groans of millions of our brethren, who are perishing under the knout, or wasting in subterranean cells, who are driven into the ranks of the soldiery of our oppressors, submitting to all the suffering of which humanity is capable of enduring, have deeply struck and moved our hearts. They have taken away our glory, prohibited our language, interdicted the profession of the faith of our fathers. Insurmountable barriers have been opposed to the amelioration of our social condition; brother has been armed against brother, and the most honorable men of the country have been calumniated and persecuted. Brothers! one step more, and Poland exists no longer, nor a Pole is to be found there. Our grandchildren will curse our memory for having left them nothing, in one of the finest countries of the world, but deserts and ruins; for having allowed chains to be put on our warlike nation, and to be forced to profess a foreign faith, to speak a strange language, and for having permitted them to be reduced to be slaves of our oppressors. The ashes of our fathers, martyred for the rights of our nation, call to us from the tomb to avenge them. Children at the breast implore us to preserve for them the country that God has confided to us. The free nations of the entire world invite us to resist the destruction of our nationality. God himself invites us—God, who will one day demand an account of our stewardship. We are twenty millions! Let us rise as one man, and no force on the earth can crush our power. We shall enjoy such liberty as has never been known on this earth. Let us endeavor to conquer such a social condition, in which each shall enjoy his share of the fruits of the earth according to his merit and his capacity, and in which there will be no more privileges under any disguise; where each Pole shall find full security for himself, his wife, his children; and where he who is made inferior by nature, in mind or body, shall find without humiliation, the infallible aid of the community; where property in land now possessed conditionally by the peasantry, shall become theirs by ab-

solute right. All forced labors, and other burdens cease without indemnification, and those who shall devote themselves in arms to the cause of their country shall receive a compensation from the national estates. Poles! from this moment we acknowledge no distinctions. Let us henceforward be the sons of one mother, Poland—of one father, God, who is in heaven. Let us invoke his support; he will bless our arms, and give us victory; but, in order to draw down his blessings, we must not sully ourselves by the vice of drunkenness or plunder. Let us not soil the arms raised in a holy cause by outrages and murders committed upon Dissidents and defenceless foreigners; for we do not struggle against nations, but against our oppressors. In token of unity, let us mount the national cockade, and take the following oath: 'I swear to serve Poland, my country, by counsel, word and action. I swear to sacrifice to her my personal ambition, my fortune and my life. I swear absolute obedience to the national government, which has been established at Cracow, the 22d of this month, at eight o'clock in the evening, in the house under the name of Krystofory, and to all the authorities instituted by the same government. And may God help me to keep this vow.' This manifesto shall be published in the journal of the government, and in the supplementary sheets sent throughout Poland, and shall be proclaimed from the pulpits of all the churches, and in all the parishes by placards in public places."

(Signed,) LOUIS GORZKOWSKI.
JOHN TYSSOWSKI.
ALEX. GRZEGORZEWSKI.

Secretary, CHARLES ROGAWSKI.

Dated Cracow, Feb. 22, 1846.

From this document it will be perceived that the Polish nobility are willing to waive their prerogatives in favor of the lower orders, and remove all the burdens that time and their enemies have forced upon the peasantry, giving them in fee simple the land which they hitherto cultivated, but not owned; that all distinctions of birth should cease, and that every Pole should have equal rights and claims to happiness. History has never before witnessed such a sacrifice of self-interest for the good of the mass of a people. While this act reflects great credit upon the hearts of the Poles, it affords to the world an encouraging proof that the sense of justice and the spirit of freedom are powerfully agitating civilized society.

The opinion of the Polish nation, thus expressed through the Manifesto of the Provisional Government, cannot but make a deep impression upon other nations,

and thus give a new impulse to a farther development of the principle of liberty in Europe; for the voice of a nation, however feeble, is never lost whenever heard in the cause of justice and truth. This utterance of liberal views by the Poles, while showing conclusively the total inability of power to check the spirit of freedom with its most stringent measures, demonstrates the indomitable courage and perseverance with which the Poles are working in order to attain the independence of their country.

The indefatigable spirit of this people working to the same end, is also seen in their literature, as it will be made apparent from the testimony of a writer in one of the numbers of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*: "The language and literature of Poland," says the writer, "have advanced to their present degree of perfection, in equal ratio with the increasing misfortunes of the country, during the last fifty years. This phenomenon is so extraordinary, that it deserves a serious consideration of every reflecting mind. What, indeed, should seem more unfavorable to the progress of a nation's language, than its political annihilation, and the incorporation of its dismembered provinces with several foreign States, each respectively intent on destroying every vestige of its former nationality? Yet it is a fact, that Polish literature is actually now reaching its zenith, and at no former period could Poland ever boast of more distinguished men in every department of science, learning and political eminence."

When a language becomes the repository of what is the noblest in the human heart, it is one of the most indestructible elements of national existence: it becomes an adamantine urn into which the nation throws its dearest recollections for safe keeping, and as each successive generation is adding to its treasure, the nation is the more vigilant in guarding it. The Poles are aware of the treasures their own language contains, and they will guard it with the most religious care: no power on earth, short of one that can cut them down to the very last, shall be able to destroy that vessel which enshrines the most glorious memories of their sires, and some of the noblest sentiments that ever passed human lips.

Such are the unfailing guaranties, within the nation itself, of the future regeneration of Poland; it matters comparatively little when it will come, but it

is sure to come sooner or later. These guaranties, taken together with the events that are in progress throughout the civilized world, cannot fail to bring the conviction that every year brings Poland nearer the bright days that are in store for her and for mankind. What if crowned heads are straining their power to the utmost to crush the spirit of freedom among the people, when these people are conscious they are acting under Heaven's decrees? What if a free Briton, the unpunished and infamous Sir James Graham, do succeed in betraying to their executioners the noble sons of Italy? Italy is not so poor in virtue and devotion to the cause of freedom, as not to be able to double the number of patriots after each new sacrifice, till she be free. What if the Citizen King is mean enough to stoop to the despicable office of the spy for his royal brothers of Prussia and Russia, and report to them the movements of the noble Mieroslawski, who was to direct the Polish insurrection, and who was arrested immediately on his arrival at Posen? Despotism only has gained a delay, but its fate is not averted; every new victim at its shrine will raise ten avengers on the Polish soil; and although the plans of the Polish patriots have this time been thwarted in a measure, yet their hope and courage have not diminished; and Poland, Italy, and humanity, shall win their victory notwithstanding.

The Poles may be baffled by their enemies ninety-nine times in a hundred, but their patience and perseverance will not be exhausted by defeat, and they will finally triumph on their hundredth effort.

They swore to wage war with tyrants to the knife, and they will keep the oath good;—they are fired by the prophetic vision of the poet, who never was more inspired than when he said:

“Freedom’s battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.”

NOTE.—It would be premature on our part, to attempt to give a sketch of the pending Polish insurrection, since neither all its details are sufficiently authenticated, nor is the last act of the drama finished. The European press (and especially that of the nations surrounding Poland) speaks what despots put in its mouth; the public therefore hear that the insurrection is put down and order restored, and many sapient heads take the opportunity to deliver themselves of sage comments upon fruitless sacrifices, and the rashness of the attempt. But it is very cheap wisdom that judges a measure, when it has proved unsuccessful; every attempt at a revolution that failed was before this pronounced untimely, rash and foolish; nay, even wicked. We would advise those wise persons to wait a while before they decide, for all is not over yet, notwithstanding that kings are proclaiming the return of “old order.” Although the French government denounced to the Prussian and Russian authorities the patriotic Mieroslawski, and thus the plans of the Poles have been deranged and their success put in jeopardy, yet it will prove but a temporary check to the great Slavonic cause.